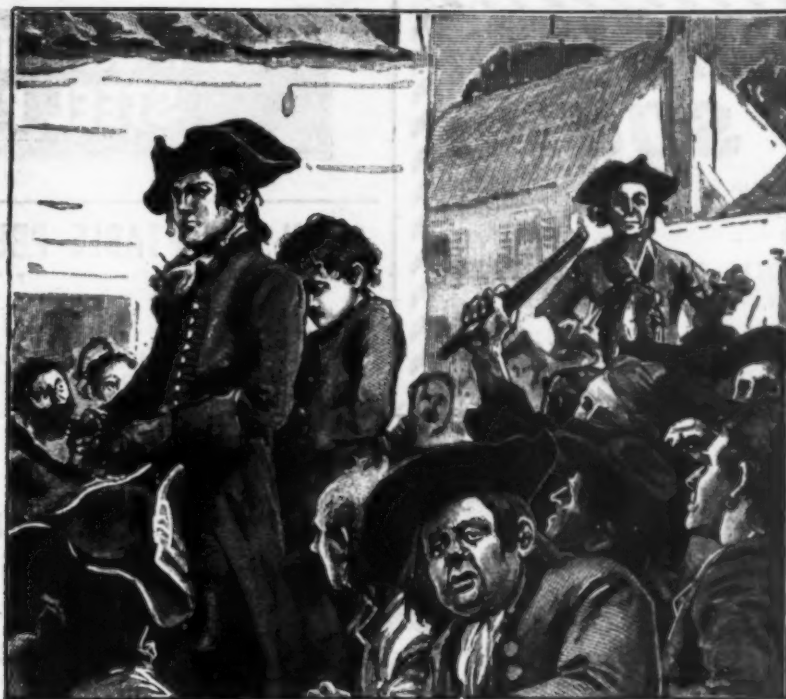


JULY 1897.

NEW SERIES. PART IX.

THE LEISURE HOUR



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IN MY STUDIO.

From the Picture by L. Alma Tadema, R.A.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KERLING.



WHERE IS HE? WHICH IS HE?

CHAPTER XII.—THE ACCUSATION.

THE small crowd that had gathered outside the Horseshoe Inn had swelled to be a great one by the time that, recruiting all along the line, it had reached the inn in Deal which was regarded as the scene of Ambrose's crime. It might be imagined that the wretched boy, who shared his horse with a constable, and had a mounted constable before him and behind him, would have been visible enough to all eyes as the villain of this piece, howbeit, the cry of every newcomer was—

"Where is he? Which is he?"

It seems just possible that these questions were put only with a view to making conversation upon a theme which, to the persons here gathered together, was one of enormous interest. It is certain that conversation was thus kept going, and, while dismay and wonder blunted Ambrose's senses somewhat, he was so far from being rendered stone-deaf that he heard with a growing horror the accounts of his crime with which inquiring newcomers were entertained, and which led to the cry sent forth with wearisome iteration:

"Trounce him! Goal him!"

Once or twice he had opened his lips to speak

in his own defence, each time with the result that the officer riding with him had silenced him peremptorily. It was, therefore, with a measure of relief that he found himself at last within the walls of the hostelry, where those who directly charged him of this double crime would confront him. He was not prepared to find his bitterest accuser in the woman who had treated him with marked kindness some sixteen hours before, and who now advanced with a direful look which would not have sat amiss upon a Fury. Still less was he prepared to find her single voice louder than had been all the voices together that had accompanied him on his ride. The case has its analogue in that of the Trojan whose speaking alone was more sonorous than that of fifty men speaking together, but Ambrose knew not of Stentor. He felt miserably that everything now happening to him was unlike anything that had ever happened to anyone else, and, far from interposing a word in the tirade of mine hostess of the Nag's Head, he lapsed into leaden silence. The tirade of that shrew untamed has been handed down to our times, and is given beneath, *verbatim* :

"O cursed wretch! What hast thou done? Thou hast murdered and robbed my poor dear uncle, and all through me who put thee to lie with him! But where hast thou hid his money? and what hast thou done with his body? Thou shalt be hanged on a gallows as high as a maypole!"

In this was given a pretty clear statement of the case against Ambrose, accompanied by a very fair prophecy of the fate that awaited him. The woman was about to repeat her words, when she was met by an order to hold her peace. It was given in a strong, authoritative voice, the fitness of which such a woman might have disputed in a constable, but from James Sawyer it was so unfit that Mistress Murlin's conforming to it can only be accounted for on the ground of profound amazement.

"Take the boy to a private room," James Sawyer added, and again commanded respectful obedience. He followed the little party, consisting of the boy, the constables, Mistress Murlin, her husband, and a few others, to the room in question. His face was heated with quick riding, but bore no other trace of discomposure, and it was noticeable that the constables showed an entire trust in him. A loud buzz of talk was now going on. He broke in upon it with the question: "Is here Dover Court—all speakers and no hearers?" In the hush which followed upon these words, he turned to the boy, and, constituting himself examiner, said, gravely—

"They would know of thee, Ambrose, where thou hast put the money, and how thou hast disposed of the body of the man whose bed thou sharedst last night. Tell it them."

"What money mean they, and whose body?" the boy asked forlornly, and waited for the answer to come from one of those present.

"Speak you, Master Murlin," James Sawyer said, anticipating the wish to speak which manifestly filled Master Murlin's wife. Master Murlin had not large volubility, and his words, which came slowly, lost somewhat in distinctness through the circumstance that they came from one side of his mouth, for Master Murlin only laid his pipe aside to worship, smoking even on very solemn occasions when they were of a lay nature.

"'Tis said thou hast killed the person thou layest with last night for the sake of a large sum of money thou sawest with him," he said.

The boy fell on his knees. Each emotion had its corresponding bodily expression two hundred years ago.

"I call Heaven to witness," he answered, "I know nothing of what you accuse me."

"Carry him upstairs!" Mistress Murlin cried. She was excitedly clasping and unclasping her hands, thin, ill-tempered hands which matched her threatening, unkind face. "Bring him to the chamber where he slept!"

There is, those who set hounds on the fox say, "an excitement about the thing." This excitement about the thing they adduce in palliation of what there is also about the thing, a staring cruelty. He who would set about defending Mistress Murlin in regard to the attitude of exultant accuser which she took up against Ambrose would perhaps do best to view her as carried away, after the manner of those who set hounds on the fox, by the excitement about the thing. She literally bounded up the stairs in the direction of the room to which Ambrose was forthwith taken, and, having drawn the bed-curtains aside, and pulled down the bed-clothes, showed with face alight that the sheets, pillow, and bolster were dyed in blood.

"Know you anything of that?" she asked the lad, bending on him a frown which was a malison.

"I declare I do not," he answered.

"Young man"—the person using this form of address was one who had not spoken hitherto—"something very odd must have passed here last night, for, lying in the next chamber, I heard voices, and going up and down stairs more than once or twice; ay, and I heard the door and stairs strike both at your going out and coming in, though all was carried with that little noise that had I not slept lightly, I had not been awaked with it."

"This is all trap and trinketing," the boy exclaimed indignantly; and there certainly seemed to be in the matter what he called by the racy contemporary words for intriguing. Then, obeying the warning in his kinsman's eyes not to give way to passion, he said, more quietly, addressing himself to his latest accuser—

"I went, sir, downstairs once and once returned, and I will tell you wherefore, with all that passed between my bedfellow and me."

"Ay, tell!" Mistress Murlin ejaculated.

Ambrose narrated all that had happened in the night, addressing himself now in particular to his brother-in-law, and meeting the question in that person's face: "*How come you now first to tell all this?*" with the explanation, made at the close of his narrative with a burst of tears—

"I thought, brother, to have been walking in my sleep, and to be rallied with it. Therefore of this I said nothing to thee and Susan."

James Sawyer's lips said nothing, but his look said as plainly as if just so many words had been spoken, that the lad had escaped a rallying to run more direct into the hangman's noose.

"Mouths may be shut, but murder will out," commented Mistress Murlin, with sharp-toothed unkindness. A constable proposed the lad's being searched, and his pockets were at once turned inside out.

"Here is the penknife whereof he spake," was the next observation passed, the speaker still being the dame, "but whence is this piece of money? He spake not of money."

This was said as the coin, which had slipped from the groove of the penknife, and which Ambrose had dropped into his pocket, was held up for inspection. The boy looked at it with frank perplexity for a moment, then he said:

"I am a little put to a stand. I have certainly forgot. It will come to me, belike, in thinking."

"Belike 'twill!" Mistress Murlin exclaimed ironically, addressing herself to the room. "'Tis what puts the villain's guilt beyond a doubt," she added. "I can swear to this William and Mary's guinea. My uncle long had it by way of pocket-piece, and graved the first letters of his name upon it—R. C. for Richard Collings."

An affirmative nod from the person holding the coin gave corroboration to this speech.

"'Tis clear as morning," Mistress Murlin continued. "Hath he not said he went into the garden toward the sea? He has thrown the body down into the sea, after having cut the throat, and 'tis vain to look for it, for there was a spring tide last night. It has been carried off. All falls in clack."

This summing up of the matter created a momentary sensation. When it had subsided James Sawyer quietly pointed out that its plausibility was somewhat on the surface. He stated himself unwilling to believe that a slightly built lad of seventeen could have carried the lifeless body of a man of full age through a house and garden, probable as that story might sound "at first ear." He spoke with sarcastic diffidence. Mistress Murlin flushed hotly.

"There is blood on the stairs and in the garden, nevertheless, Master Sawyer," she interposed. "How explain you that?"

"I explain it in no wise, Mistress Murlin," was answered. "You have essayed to explain it, and I make bold to think you were better have held your peace."

"Have you ears, man?"

This question was addressed by Mistress Murlin to her husband in the spirit in which Burke wrote, "the age of chivalry has gone." The man whose chivalry was thus appealed to answered out of one corner of his mouth—

"*Have I ears?* I have too many by twain, woman."

The sense of the risible is so overpoweringly strong in Englishmen, that, engaged as were all these men upon a matter of the gravest, a loud laugh broke from them. Ambrose did not join in it, but then, on the one hand, Ambrose was not a man, and, on the other hand, his position was somewhat different from that of anyone else in this assembly.

The laughter was suddenly arrested by the fluttering approach of a young girl, and the entreaty made in a clear treble voice—

"Pray, sirs, forgive him!"

As she preferred this singular request, Cicely—for it was she—held up her hands in what was called pray-pray fashion. While addressing the assembled company she saw no one. This was plain from her wide, vacant gaze. She stood in the centre of the room unlike anything ever yet seen by any of those present.

Her father's pipe fell from his mouth—an unprecedented thing—and his look was a benediction of this young maid who understood so little of legal procedure as to look to this matter's finding an end in—forgiveness. Mistress Murlin—an equally unprecedented thing, this—lost power of speech for a full minute, but then she found it, and, raising a forefinger which trembled with anger, exclaimed—

"How! Will you be so peery, Miss? What do you here? Off with you with a sisserrara!"

The wide-eyed girl did not move. There was no stubbornness in her face, and her remaining appeared to be more the result of inability to move than of unwillingness to do so.

"What do you here?" her mother repeated; and added, with scathing satire, "The words before came poppling out. Art now grown dumb?" (The prolonged use of the formal "you" was impossible to Mistress Murlin.) "Ay, kneel and look dejectly up!" This very personal remark did not embarrass the girl, now kneeling, as much as might have been expected. She was used to her mother's closely personal vein, and acted under a stronger emotion than fear of it.

"Sure, sirs," she said, in a curiously compromising vein of eloquence, "he never murdered my uncle, who was, anyhow, nigh dead."

A smile passed the faces of some of the men; others looked deeply embarrassed. The little kneeling person who pleaded so strangely held for a moment all ears and eyes. Mistress Murlin broke the spell which she exercised.

"If you will hearken to her, sirs," she said shrilly, "you will hear a thousand such good-morrows. 'Tis a little fool that asks the rod."

Ambrose here made a move forward. His kinsman again sent him a warning glance, and he stood still, miserably conscious that his

championship of Cicely would only work her further ill. The girl was led from the room by her mother, who upbraided her, when, as she wrongly deemed, out of hearing, in a string of exclamatory questions, two of which rang out with especial clearness, "Is the wind in that door, quotha? Is he your doating piece?"

The person who had added his quotient of information against Ambrose here constituted himself commentator.

"When women be in their altitudes," he observed, "they spare nobody."

Master Murlin had replaced his pipe in his lips, but anyone who had looked carefully might have noticed that he was not smoking. Not very long afterwards he was alone with his wife. His mouth was a little more wry than usual, as though the taste of juniper were on it. So it was by anticipation. Mistress Murlin served her husband with juniper in the form of juniper lectures. Every day brought one of these, and this day was to be no exception to the rule.

"Save you, Thomas," she said ironically, peering into the sad and sour face of her good man, "you look cheerful and happy."

Master Murlin was of the persons who let their hearts time sixty beats before they hazard an answer to the simplest proposition. This appeared to be in his case less the result of deep caution than sheer inertia, for when, in due time, he spoke, his answer took the form of an unflattering personality worded after the simple manner in which the thing meant is said. It called forth a personality equally direct, and some time was spent in those mutual recriminations which look even more startling in type than they sound on the lip. In the course of them Mistress Murlin's voice rose to a higher and higher pitch, despite the remark made by her husband, who was quite unaware that in making it he was employing a famous Dantesque paradox—

"Soft, now, you speak so loud, wife, I cannot hear what you say."

This was not oil cast on troubled waters, but the troubled waters calmed with time. In other words, Mistress Murlin, when she had exhausted a rich vituperative vein, lapsed into temporary silence, and, on again speaking, intimated that she was for peace and amity, coupling with this agreeable communication an artless and not quite ungraceful appeal to the protection of her husband, saying—

"Good Thomas, lay now aside your ill humours, for, by my life, I am a right woman for my cowardice, and am like to die of fear lest the law make me aby my uncle's death. See you not, Thomas" (this was added as Master Murlin's face assumed a look of the most profound surprise), "'tis plain he is come not fairly to his end, and, though I wished him not long life, I wished him not this death in—in his flower and prime."

"In the high day of youth," Master Murlin suggested as an amendment upon this

phrase. In view of the fact that the murdered man had passed three-score, there was sharp irony here. It was Master Murlin's custom to meet insincere phrasing with sharp irony.

Dame Murlin, whose feelings towards Richard Collings had been modified by the circumstance of her being his heiress presumptive, less in sorrow than in panic broke into loud weeping. All was not noble in her nature, and she assumed, perhaps not wholly illogically, that in view of the mystery surrounding the death of her rich kinsman, there would be some inclined to point at her.

Some light appeared to come to Master Murlin.

"Was it for this, wife," he said gravely, "you meddled so with the matter before?"

The answer came through sobs.

"Ay, sooth. I know well there is suspicions abroad, and spake what I knew of the thing."

"Nay," was said with a headshake. "You spake what you knew not of it. Pity 'tis you are so forward in your speech. Better had been silence."

Dame Murlin momentarily recovered her spirits.

"'Silence'!" she said contemptuously. "Would you have me not to open my mouth, and be hanged for my uncle's murder? There has, before this, been hanged many an innocent man and woman."

"Ay, sooth," was answered; and the speaker added sorrowfully, "Belike there will now be hanged an innocent lad."

"'Innocent'!" snorted Dame Murlin.

"Caught you him a-murdering, wife?" was asked coldly.

"Caught I him? No, verily! There will be hanged few murderers when they who are caught a-murdering are hanged only. Caught they me, goodman flouter? 'Tis like I may be hanged for this, an' they hang not the boy that did it."

A fresh tear-burst arrested speech here. Thomas Murlin rose, and put his hand on his wife's shoulder. She was, in appearance, a fine woman, with the rosy, September beauty which is now generally described by means of three adjectives. Her good looks were set off by very smart attire, consisting of a black silk petticoat with a red and white calico border, cherry-coloured stays trimmed with blue and silver, a red and dove coloured damask gown, flowered with large trees, a yellow satin apron, and muslin head-cloth with crow's-foot edging. This was the gala dress of female citizens of the time. It was made a matter of censorious comment by her neighbours that Mistress Murlin, who hailed from London city, wore gala dress more often than needed. She always donned it upon Deal Fair days, and appeared to think it in keeping with the festive spirit which still reigned everywhere by reason of Malplaquet to take into daily wear at this time her red and dove coloured damask gown with all the bravery which went with it, a style

of habiliment which, her neighbours affirmed, might have sat well on the Queen's Majesty in ordinary wear, but sat very ill on the wife of mine host of the Nag's Head Inn. Perhaps, viewed from the ethical point, it did; but, viewed merely from the sartorial point, it was a style of habiliment which sat very well on the dame, and Master Murlin's gaze never rested with greater liking on her than when she was in the said bravery. She had once pleased his mind's eye—that time had passed—and she still pleased his body's eye. A tear-burst still could bring his heart to her feet.

"Thou art a very woman for thy tongue, Grissel," he said.

Dame Murlin's answer to this was one which at a first glance may appear to have lacked relevancy, but, looked at more closely, it will be seen to have had a high appositeness. The truth is that her tongue, like every woman's tongue, had the power of Cambuscan's sword—it could heal the wounds it gave.

"A time was," she said softly, "when I was the bud of thine eye."

Thomas Murlin had not a coat of mail about his heart, and it did not resist this appeal, for that this was an appeal he fully realised, not being wholly obtuse, howbeit also not gifted with the finest penetration. With his hand still on his wife's shoulder he signified that he was fully bent on protecting to the uttermost the woman whom he had taken for wife for better or worse when she had been the bud of his eye.

Having made this communication, he withdrew his caressing hand and lapsed into a deep reflection which had for its subject the phenomenon of a woman of whom fear had made a judicial murderess; for that sheer terror had first moved his wife to bring against Ambrose the shocking charge of the justice of which she had now fully persuaded herself, he saw clearly. He was not psychologist enough to know that fear in women has often the effect opposed to that which it has in the animal which it makes throw off its claws. In coming to see that it made Mistress Murlin put on her claws, to the terrible imperilling of young Ambrose, he did not come to see that her case was not one unparalleled. From the consideration of her he passed to that of her victim. He himself in no way suspected Ambrose of the crime laid to his charge, that crime remaining to him wholly inexplicable, and it was hence in the most dolorous of tones that he said, "'Tis a pity the lad should hang."

"'Twere a greater thy Grissel should," was answered. "Every hog his own apple, Thomas."

Thomas, in this homely fashion reminded that charity should begin at home, still bore a profoundly meditative look. Then he said, with a half-stifled sigh, "When the dust is laid which thou hast raised, the way may be seen to come to a quiet end. 'Twere a pity the lad should hang."

Mistress Murlin, who abhorred recitative

other than her own, departed, and mine host was left alone, but not for long. His daughter soon stood beside him. There was nothing said for some time, except what was said by her face. He looked at that gravely; then he passed his hand over the girl's head, and said softly—

"Pretty pigsney!"

Cicely then spoke.

"Sir, what is love?" she said.

This question, the answer to which has been given diversely by all the philosophers and all



CICELY.

the poets of all time, seemed in no wise to strike the simple, ineloquent man to whom Cicely addressed it as one of stupendous difficulty. He gave very quietly and very promptly a definition of love, which gained perhaps from being uttered in the rich and lovely English of the time in which he lived.

"It is a gracious habit wrought in the soul," he answered.

The girl listened thoughtfully; then she said simply—

"Sir, it is this that has come to me, and I that was your pretty pigsney will be never a pigsney more."

Thus it was that Cicely told her father that

love had made a woman of his little girl. This woman then said childishly—

"Sir, pray you, save him, who is become —"

She burst into tears. Her father completed her speech to himself. He did not complete it aloud, perhaps because he completed it in words which were an echo of those employed by his wife, to wit, in these words—"who is become thy doating piece. Is the wind in that door?"

He said nothing in words, but passed his hand to and fro over the girl's head. He had not had a very happy life, but a greater than all past sorrows had come to him in this sorrow which had come to his pretty pigney. The hand that passed to and fro on his daughter's head trembled strongly.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE FRIEND IN NEED.

JAMES SAWYER had not been wholly mistaken in his forecast concerning Ambrose.

So far was the general opinion from being as favourable to him as that of his sister Susan, that the immediate consequence of the proceedings at the Nag's Head Inn was an examination before a Justice of the Peace, after which he was subjected to a long and rigorous imprisonment in the county town of Maidstone. He was here cut off from the world at large, but was at intervals allowed to see the only three persons from whom a total separation would have been death forestalled. His sister, his sister's husband, and his father were allowed access to him. Solitude wakes the philosopher that is in each of us, and it waked the philosopher in young Ambrose Gwinett. In the long periods in which he was alone he had leisure to reflect on the difference in humanity, as exemplified by his sister, his sister's husband, and his father.

The rule which guided Ambrose Gwinett the elder in his estimation of others was a reversal of that which obtains in the law of his country. It is a rule of this law that a person shall be held guiltless till proven guilty. The rule of Ambrose Gwinett was to hold a person guilty till proven guiltless. James Sawyer had suffered from this mental bias, and for a time had commanded the honest sympathy of young Ambrose; now that young Ambrose suffered from it himself he gave to himself sympathy quite as honest, and concerning which it is, perhaps, needless to add that it promised to be more lasting. It had, for a while, somewhat surprised him that his father should suspect his friend of crime; that he himself should be suspected of crime by his father amazed him so entirely, and so unintermittingly, that his indignation almost lost itself in wonder.

"How think you, sir," he ventured to ask his father one day, "that it should anyway be possible that your son—your decent son, sir—should turn robber and murderer in a night?"

The old man stroked his chin, and answered gravely—

"There have been in all times some tempted of the devil. When thou shalt be of known innocency, look then to be taken back by me for my son."

The guarded attitude of his father towards Ambrose found its foil in that of Susan towards him. So little was she in suspense of judgment in regard to her brother that her visits to him had each the tonic effect which is produced on a prisoner at the bar when the foreman of the jury delivers himself of his message in the words: Not Guilty.

Alike far from this gloomy distrust and this heart-delighting trust was meanwhile the manner adopted towards Ambrose by his sister's husband. Perhaps the most striking feature about James Sawyer's manner was its constraint. The lad, who knew the ex-sailor well, was totally at a loss to account for this. Unknown to him, James Sawyer's verdict against him (guilty, but with extenuating circumstances) had gone forth. Not that James Sawyer had publicly delivered himself of this opinion. It was one which he had formed in the quiet of nights' thoughts, and to which he did not give expression in words even to his wife. Taking for his starting-point the circumstance admitted by young Ambrose, that he walked in his sleep, James Sawyer had come to believe that in his sleep the lad had committed the atrocious crime laid at his door, and while he acquitted him on the charge of premeditated murder, as since, in the law-courts of this country, a similar acquittal has taken place,¹ he found himself in no wise wishful that a person so dangerous to the community should be set at large, this chilling his manner towards Ambrose.

While his next-of-kin were thus divided in their feelings towards him, the larger public was unanimous in its condemnation of Ambrose Gwinett, and cried loudly for his death. This had probably its main origin in the circumstance that humanity has always had a tendency to advocate the extreme penalty in the case of one whose defect is that he is blamed. This thing was seen in Palestine some nineteen hundred years ago; when, only a very few persons having, it would appear, at all tried to take the bearings of a certain case, they all cried, "Let Him be crucified!"

In the cry for the life of Ambrose Gwinett which went up from every part of the little shire in which he had spent a youth of known blamelessness, there was no more than the justification supplied by the fact that his case, as put by Mistress Murlin, wholly satisfied a population too lazy or too diffident to think for itself. Richard Collings had been killed, and Ambrose Gwinett had been the last person seen with Richard Collings. These were the broad lines on which public opinion condemned the

¹ There is in "Chambers's Encyclopedia," under the heading of "Dreaming," an allusion to this case, one in which a confirmed somnambulist during his sleep seized his child, to whom he was devotedly attached, and caused his death by dashing him against a wall, under the belief that he saw a wild animal in the room.

lad. Those who took any pleasure in drawing finer lines dwelt on the further circumstance that his dress had had blood on it, that blood had been on the stair that led to the room in which he had slept, and that blood had stained the garden path to within a few steps of the shed, the door of which he had, by his own admission, battered in. Yet others again did not fail to make much of the circumstance that the lad had withheld all mention of his night's adventures in his talk with his kinsfolk, to whom he had suppressed the fact of his having shared the bed of the man whose penknife and coin had been found in his pocket. Each of these points taken singly told somewhat against Ambrose; taken together, they told against him so completely that perhaps the one man in his native county of Kent who was not ready to doom him without a further hearing was Mr. George Roberts, attorney, of Canterbury. Mr. George Roberts, holding firmly by the position momentarily taken up by James Sawyer, declared himself of opinion that the stripling in gaol at Maidstone had not performed the feats which he was accredited with performing. James Sawyer—it seems right to say—in quitting his position had been actuated by the belief, still ludicrously common, that the powers of a person asleep are by many times greater than those of a person awake.

To this point had matters come when Mr. George Roberts one afternoon visited his late apprentice in his cell. It was a boast of Mr. George Roberts that he had never lost a suit, excepting one, which he had lost through Ambrose Gwinett. This was the man of law's jocular way of alluding to the fact that Ambrose Gwinett had introduced to his sister the suitor who was to win her in the man of law's stead. Mr. George Roberts expressed himself as ready to aid Ambrose to the outside limit of his power. The lad, who was deeply touched, begged the attorney to have an advertisement inserted in the "London Gazette," representing his deplorable condition, and offering a reward to any person who could give tidings of Mr. Richard Collings, alive or dead.

"I think, sir," he added, colouring, "my father, or else my sister's husband, might be won to pay the sum of money you would consider right to name."

"Tut, lad!" the attorney exclaimed. "Have no fear for the money; but tidings of Richard Collings alive no man can give, for 'tis plain Richard Collings is murdered, and they that have tidings of him dead will not sell their knowledge, though all the world should offer to buy it through the 'London Gazette.'"

"Will I be hanged, sir?" Ambrose Gwinett asked.

"I fear thou wilt," was answered. "We must e'en all die once," was added as a crumb of comfort.

"But this is two murders, sir," the boy pro-



THE ATTORNEY VISITS HIS LATE APPRENTICE.

tested. "Mr. Collings should not have his throat cut, and I should not have my neck broke. This is two murders."

"Whist!" the man of law said repressively. But the boy was carried out of himself, and, in a voice that rang through the prison, he brought again and again his indictment, "This is two murders!"

CHAPTER XIV.—A FORETASTE OF DEATH.

THE advertisement, duly inserted in the "London Gazette," beyond giving wider publication to the charge brought against Ambrose Gwinett, had no effect, and, no information of any kind coming to hand in regard to Richard Collings, the lad was brought to trial at the assizes. Circumstances appearing strongly against him, he received sentence to be carried on a cart on the Wednesday fortnight following, to the town of Deal, and there to be hanged before the door of the inn where he had committed the murder. All life was conducted on somewhat spectacular lines two hundred years ago; that circumstance—with one other—supplies all the explanation that can be given of these singular proceedings.

The other circumstance will become sufficiently evident when it is added that Ambrose's punishment was not to end with one hanging. After the rope had done its worst upon him at Deal, his body was to be hung in chains within a stone's throw of his sister's house in the hamlet adjoining. Only when this was done would the requirements of a time called old and good be met.

Time flies when a fortnight is the limit set to life, and the day which was to seal Ambrose's fate was soon distant but by eight-and-forty hours. The last Monday that he was ever to know had come, and early in the day he was taken to the court of the prison. There were two men there; one, like himself, in the prison dress, the other in a workman's dress.

"What did *he*?" Ambrose asked of the gaoler at his side, pointing to the prisoner.

"He robbed the mail," was answered.

To rob the mail, Ambrose knew, was to commit a crime punishable by death. Confounding the crime with the punishment which it entailed—a mental process still common—he fell back a step.

"What did *HE*?" the highwayman asked, using Ambrose's formula, either in irony, or out of lack of invention.

"He robbed and murdered a sick man," was answered.

The highwayman kept his footing. There are so many who would have fallen back a step on eliciting this answer that the thing was somewhat remarkable. Ambrose looked at the man with undisguised amazement. He was very heavy and corpulent, and was being surveyed with some dismay by the workman, to whom he addressed his next speech.

"Look you make this pair of stays to fit me, master smith," he said. "I shall not see myself, but a world of folk will see me, and I would not, mark you, they sate amiss."

The smith received this speech in silence, and proceeded with his work.

"What does *HE*?" was the next question which the insatiable curiosity of Ambrose caused him to put. He made clear with his index-finger levelled frankly at the smith whom he meant by the pronoun.

"He takes measure of thy fellow for his irons, wherein he will be hung after execution."

There was much to horrify anyone in this speech. To Ambrose the most horrific words in it were "thy fellow," for they contained a plain intimation that the smith would next busy himself with him. So much is courage an acquired virtue, that the boy, who eventually showed fine mettle, at the approach of the smith fell senseless, as from a blow.

CHAPTER XV.—THE EXTREME PENALTY.

AMBROSE'S last night was to be a short one, for his execution was fixed to take place at an hour which entailed his leaving Maidstone for Deal at three o'clock in the morning. He was given due notice of this fact,

and was recommended to betake himself early to rest. The recommendation came from two persons, one of whom, his gaoler, after giving it, withdrew. The other remained.

"What, Mr. Roberts," the lad exclaimed, "do you find it good to be locked up in prison?"

"I take occasion to be with thee when thou mayst talk with me closely, Ambrose," the attorney answered. "It may be thou hast something thou couldst tell."

The boy shook his head, smiling.

"Hast thou no fear any more now of death?" was asked.

"I think not any," Ambrose answered. "It will save me a severe fit of sickness another time, will it not, sir?"

This philosophy, the delivery of which was accompanied by a forced laugh, was quite on the lines of the consolation offered to Ambrose some little time before by the attorney, whose face now gloomed, as he said gravely—

"Give me leave to say, Ambrose, that this deportment in you entirely displeases me. Laughter fits not this mystical occasion."

"It does not," the lad answered humbly, "and my heart is no way merry."

In his high simplicity it did not seem to Ambrose needless to make this statement, and the good grave man to whom he spoke received it in the spirit in which it was made.

"I know it, Ambrose," he said earnestly. "You are come now to a sober resignation."

This remark was not made in the form of a question, but an answer to it was looked for, and it came.

"I am, sir," Ambrose said, after a moment's silence. "The horror of my death was long upon me, and sudden damp seized me, though I hope, sir, I am no coward. I was never blamed with softness or frightened with squibs."

The brave young eyes sought the attorney's, which gave them all the answer that was wanted, and the lad, who deemed it necessary to apologise that he did not contemplate execution with entire composure, added, speaking slowly and in the meditative tone more often used by persons when speaking to themselves than when speaking to others—

"The expectation of acquittal long ran in my mind; then ceased, and I was overwhelmed in sorrow. I think now God speaks in my heart, for I am no more sorrowful." A look of great peacefulness came into the young face.

The man of law was deeply moved, and could not find speech. The boy looked wistfully at him. Something was evidently preying on his mind. In a tone of profound contrition, he said after a little—

"A time was, sir, when I knew not who was my best friend."

"What deemed you him?" the attorney asked.

The answer came in round truth. It was at no time very difficult to Ambrose Gwinett to speak round truth, and it was very easy to him to do so now.

"Heart, sir!" he said simply; "what others called you, a crack-headed, civantic gentleman."

The person thus described smiled closely—so closely that his companion did not see the slight contraction of his face, and again a silence fell. Formal apology for this silence was offered after a time, the lad saying in a curiously elderly tone—

"I speak but little with you, sir, and beg you will not ask me any questions, least I give you answers clean contrary. It is that I am much affected with the idea of appearing in the presence of God, and am examining the actions of my life."

The attorney nodded. At no time a man of many words, the power of speech here left him. Time sped on. The boy fell asleep, and woke with a start.

"A dream that shook me," he explained, and asked to be told how the hours went. When three o'clock had come and gone, he grew impatient, and cried out—

"Why come they not?"

As he put the question for the third time the door of his cell was opened. Some minutes later he was hurried into a cart. Sheriff and officers surrounded it, and the cavalcade set out for Deal. Wind, rain, and thunder added their terrors to the drive. Ambrose looked up at the sky, then turned to his companion.

"Sure, such a day never blew out of the heavens, Mr. Roberts!"

As he spoke he nervously fumbled with his dress.

"What do you, lad?" the attorney asked.

"I open my shirt-neck," was answered.

The attorney protested against this anticipating of matters, and the boy dropped his hands.

In spite of the weather and the earliness of the hour, the cavalcade grew in numbers as it passed through Deal, and the recruits gave vent to their feelings in loud clamour. The boy, who had bitten his lips till they bled, said airily—

"The mob is ever pleased with bawling, sir."

The attorney signified by a gesture his agreement with this remark, which was made in the tone of one who had studied the mob during a long lifetime. In the silence which followed upon it, he stole a peep at the boy's face. It had never looked to him so like Susan's, the high innocence that was in it being set off by an unusual thoughtfulness. Ambrose was preparing another speech, of which he delivered himself in due time.

"You use me very kindly, sir," he said.

"Your going with me on this journey is a favour I want words to express my sense of." He paused, after this laboured and choice sentence, and made the Englishman's transition to the weather, saying with a slight shiver—

"'Tis a severe and pinching air, sir."

Mr. Roberts left this entire speech unanswered—not that it was unanswerable, but

that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. The boy looked at him concernedly, then broke anew into utterance.

"What a deep sigh was that you fetched, Mr. Roberts," he exclaimed, "and, sir, your looks are pale!"

With an effort the attorney summoned power of speech.

"How feel you, Ambrose, yourself?" he asked.

"I thank you, sir, extremely better," was the answer.

"Go you from us all with good will?" Mr. Roberts asked.

"I think, sir, that I do." The reply came a little slowly. "I have been thinking much on what you said once of this matter."

"What said I, Ambrose?" the attorney queried.

"You said, sir, that the law, since it cannot always arrive at the true must content itself with the probable. I am hanged for a probable murderer, sir, and 'tis better, I know"—a strong light passed the young white forehead—"than if I was hanged for a true."

"It is so, verily," Mr. Roberts assented, "and yet the law is grievously to blame."

This last part of his remark was made in an undertone between clenched teeth by the man of law. Aloud he said—

"I see now that he is good who is as good as a tree."

"How mean you that, sir?" the boy asked with a puzzled look.

"There came into my thoughts, hearing you speak, a thing that I have read, Ambrose," the attorney answered, "which is that the Gentoos have a proverb, *The tree withdraws his shade not even from the woodcutter.*"

"Who, sir, are the Gentoos?" was asked by Ambrose with still a puzzled face.

"They are professors of the religion of the Brahmans, boy."

"That is, sir, Hindus."

"Very near the same."

"I will remember their proverb, and try to be as good as a tree, which will make me feel no anger when they hang me who think this needful."

Ambrose glanced, as he spoke, at the sheriff and officers surrounding the cart on which he was drawn.

"Of what, sir," he added, "do you think now?"

The attorney smiled.

"I think, boy," he said kindly, "that we are all made richer by your meekness and good thoughts. How comes it, Ambrose, that you in everything give thanks, and think so humbly of yourself and handsomely of others?"

"Good sooth, sir," was answered frankly, "since my being in gaol my heart has been oft a very unthankful one, and I have this moment a most unhandsome thought of another. 'Tis of him yon." The boy looked in the direction of a boy of his own age standing in the thick of those hooting him.

"'Tis a dog-looking fellow," Mr. Roberts commented. Ambrose did not appear to hear the words.

"He was my schoolfellow in Canterbury," he said, "and he is come to mock me; my heart cries out against him."

Ambrose appeared to see very black wickedness in this fact of his youthful blood's asserting itself, despite his firm resolution to bear and forbear.

Before Mr. Roberts, whose heart, if the whole truth is to be put on record, also cried out, as he glanced in the direction of the contemptible schoolfellow indicated, could frame an answer to this speech, the cart came to a stop before the place of hanging. The storm had now become so violent that the mounted officers could scarcely keep their seats. The sheriff, a large, stout man, whose complexion made good Dr. Johnson's definition of crimson as red somewhat darkened with blue, beckoned a rider to him—

"Make what despatch you can," he said.

The executioner nodded.

"My head begins to whim it about. 'Tis time I pin down my cap, sir," Ambrose said to his companion, putting the article in question on his head, and pressing it down. The attorney said nothing. The rain was coming down in sheets, and the crowd that protected itself as far as possible from the drenching that threatened it, aired its facetiæ on the position of one whose case, it was contended, hardly bore out the proverb that he that is born to be hanged will never be drowned. The sheriff the while continued to urge expedition, saying testily to the hangman—

"We are all like to come by our death in this rain. Thou might'st have tucked him up and turned him off long since."

The tardy executioner wore a deferentially apologetic look, but he did not put any haste into his proceedings. It is, perhaps, not cynical to surmise that he enjoyed the spectacle presented by the crowd, determined to see Ambrose Gwinett mount the scaffold at the cost of great discomfort and great damage to themselves. Be the cause what it might, it was with the utmost leisure that he set about performing the operation called tucking up and turning off. In the process of the latter operation, Ambrose thought he noticed a blaze of fire about him, a thing which amazed him the more that he did not know that it was an optical delusion, the quite natural result of vertigo. Without being sensible of any pain, he then fell into what seemed to himself a sleep. The crowd dispersed slowly, only one or two persons—among them Mr. Roberts—remaining with the officers whose duty obliged them to remain for half an hour on the spot. The sheriff, with a goodly following, passed under the doorway of the hostelry before which the execution had taken place.

It is a strong rule with us to-day that the dead shall be treated with respect. This was not so two hundred years ago, and it was

accordingly deemed becoming and manly when, the sheriff having announced the half-hour expired, the two officers who went forward to help the executioner cut Ambrose down, with reiterated cries of "Foh upon him!" struck him, one of them on the breast, and the other on the body, with the butt-end of their muskets. They did not do this from any idea that the boy might still be living—they had seen him hanging by the neck for half an hour—they did it from a mistaken conception of what behoved them as zealous servants of the law and armed men. One of them then fetched the irons into which the body was to be put. It transpired that they were the wrong ones, that they were the highwayman's, and were so much too large for the boy that rags had to be stuffed between his body and the hoops, the grotesque spectacle which resulted being one which aroused loud laughter within and without the hostelry. There was only one person who did not join in it, and that was Mr. Roberts of Canterbury. He accompanied the little party which took the boy to the hamlet where his sister had her home, and where he was hung on a gibbet erected near to her house. He entered the house, and asked to see her husband.

"What is your wish, sir?" James Sawyer asked.

"It is to know how your wife does," the attorney replied.

"Are you a friend of hers?"

"Yes."

"Belike you can comfort her, then. 'Tis past my wit to do so. She is fallen all along the floor, dead, and I am put in the greatest fright till she be recovered."

This speech involved no such ghastly paradox in 1709, when "dead" meant insensible, as it would now involve, and the attorney, with sorrow enough, but with no horror, followed the innkeeper whither he led. On the way James Sawyer asked—

"How died the boy?"

"Bravely," was answered. "I saw yet never in anyone so high valour with so much sweetness, good-nature, and gentleness. His spirit was in a perfect composure, and to the last he was conversible, cheerful, and civil. Your pardon, sir, a moment. I was affected in an uncommon manner, and am so again. It will pass."

They stood outside a door. After another moment the attorney signified that he was ready to enter the room, and did so. Susan had recovered from her faint, and sat at a table, on which her head was bowed. She did not look up for many minutes; then she lifted a face wet with tears, and opened her lips to speak. The words died unspoken, and her eyes rested on her visitor with a startled look. With an effort she spoke at last.

"Your hair that was black is become white, Mr. Roberts," she said.

"Like enough 'tis," was answered slowly, "yet I knew it not, Susan."

"What have you seen?" Susan asked, shuddering.

"*Your Sorrow*," was answered by the man who had seen the execution of Ambrose Gwinett.

"I am come," he added, in the tone of one having authority, and yet a tone of strange gentleness, "to ask of you to stay your weeping, Susan."

A last long sob shook Susan's figure, then

she dried her tears, and rose. The plea made by the man who had won himself so high a right to plead was not to be gainsaid. James Sawyer, re-entering the room at this moment, saw that his wife had found consolation. She went towards him, and lifted her face to his kiss; then she put out her hand to him of the whitened head.

THE SPHINX OF MODERN LONDON.

MODERN London exerts an irresistible fascination, which grows with its growth; it is a profound mystery which analysis greatly intensifies. Seventy years ago Heinrich Heine could write, "I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit; I have seen it, and am more astonished than ever—and still there remains fixed in my memory that stone forest of houses, and, amid them, the rushing stream of faces, of living human faces, with all their motley passions, all their terrible impulses of love, of hunger, and of hate—I am speaking of London." Heine goes on to refer to the prevalent comfort in the great city, "while crammed away in retired lanes and dark damp alleys poverty dwells with her rags and her tears." Mr. Charles Booth,¹ after ten years' laborious investigations into the condition of the people of the Metropolis, arrives at conclusions not wholly dissimilar; he, like Heine, stands and watches the stream of living beings pass by, and finds in this an inspiring sight, not the least so in the main streets of the poorest districts. In the last and most interesting chapter of the volume just issued he records the impressions made on him by the panorama of the street and the bustle of the crowd. "Men, women, and children, all or nearly all, are keenly pursuing some aim; so much so, that the few of whom this is not true attract attention and often become objects of suspicion. Nearly all are well dressed and look well fed. Ragged clothes or hungry faces catch the eye when they occur. In quiet streets where there is neither crowd nor bustle it is the same; the passers-by are going about their business and seldom seem to call for pity on account of poverty. We thus have the general impression of a well-to-do energetic people, and this impression is borne out by all the facts and every test that can be applied; but is subject, just as they are, to exceptions, and in about the same degree. Here and there, as one walks, a foul back street is seen, or some woe-begone figure slips past. We may then turn to our statistics to learn what proportion such things

bear to the rest, and be satisfied that the proportion is on the whole no greater than is indicated by the panorama of the street." With such an unexpectedly favourable verdict does this prince of statisticians close his survey of London as it is. In three more years, and in as many volumes, he hopes to review and discuss the remedial agencies at work, and to enter more fully into many matters which tend to the progress of the people.

Very significant is the marked hopefulness of tone which pervades this volume: the cynical despair of some writers, and the gloomy apprehensions of many earnest reformers, are conspicuous by their absence; the protracted investigations which have been made have revealed greater elasticity of adaptation than any theories might suggest. When we have made full allowance for the crest of the wave of industrial prosperity on which we are riding, it is clear that there are many signs of a permanently quickened vitality in the world of labour. Mr. Booth has found a brightness and vivacity in the lives of the poor which few who have not lived among them would believe possible; he has come to recognise, what ten years' continuous intercourse with the poorest in one district of East London impressed upon ourselves, that there is a buoyancy of spirit which is childlike in its influence, and leads to the full enjoyment of the present without irksome care for the future. Mr. Ernest Aves, whose experience at Toynbee Hall has given him similar opportunities of investigation, contributes several chapters in this volume; when discussing the irregularity of earnings, the uncertainty of employment, and the anxiety naturally to be expected in consequence, he speaks of the added comfort that would be gained if employment could be made more uniform; but he says, also with great truth, "men work on, reposing in half-recognised faith, based on a half-interpreted experience, in the potential demand that is around them. Happily, as a rule, their faith is justified; for there is a general persistency of opportunity, although particular trades disappear, and the occupation of whole classes of workers may be swept away." The prolonged study of social

¹ "Life and Labour of the People in London," edited by Charles Booth. Vol. IX. Macmillan & Co., 1897.

science, no less than of natural science, gives unexpected confirmation of a mysterious super-human guidance in the affairs of men, and of that divinity "which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

No less conspicuous is the utter absence or any heroic remedies; there are many signs that the trend of Mr. Booth's thoughts has been in the direction of individual reform, and the development of existing agencies, rather than any great collective movement to re-organise society. Fuller knowledge has increased caution, and the elaborate survey of the whole population first, street by street, and then occupation after occupation, has plainly led to a more deliberate suspense of judgment. The investigation is largely one of environment, the prescription is based very much on the regeneration of the individual. "The reform of the individual by the individual" stands rightly in the forefront; immense stress is laid upon fuller and wiser education, "the basis of all industrial reform"; influences which enable a man to act more freely and intelligently himself are more important than those which control him. The writers of this volume treat sympathetically of all that can be done by the community for the help of its poorer members; but they hark back to the need of a vital movement, which shall create a quiet determination on the part of every individual, rich or poor, to do his share.

East and South London have been as quagmires swallowing up great schemes, each of which was to be a panacea for their woes; waves of enthusiasm have led to stupendous efforts. A Palace of Delight was to bring sweetness and light to desolate homes; General Booth's elaborate "Darkest England" scheme was to be so complete that poverty was to be dealt with on every side, and the problem of the houseless and workless vanish; University settlements were to show the churches a more excellent way, and to weld together the gilded youth of Oxford and Cambridge with the artisan and docker in a league of personal fellowship; missions and movements of the most varied character have been initiated. Most of these agencies are doing useful work, but no one would now be thought of as a solution of the riddle of the sphinx: these have become auxiliaries to those older forms of Christian and philanthropic effort which are slowly changing the community. It is noteworthy that in the present Diamond Jubilee year there is no proposal to launch any great new movement for London, but a laudable desire to consolidate the many beneficent agencies at present at work.

This ninth volume is veritable pemmican: it is a marvellous condensation of the preceding eight; hence it is a repertory of facts for those who want results and to ascertain the outcome of the whole inquiry. We shall glance at a few of the most significant features, giving preference to those which a non-technical reader would least expect to find.

THE COMMERCIAL SUPREMACY OF LONDON.

The Londoner is continually being elbowed out of many trades by those who are country-born; only 50·2 per cent. of the heads of families in London were born in the Metropolis. The variations in different trades are remarkable; the greatest number of those born in London are in trades connected with paper, printing, and book-binding. The greatest proportion of born Londoners is found in the crowded central districts.

But while the cockney thus goes to the wall, London, as a centre of commerce and trade, maintains its long-established pre-eminence. It is a characteristic of modern industry that supply forestalls demand; manufacturers no longer wait for orders, but seek to stimulate trade by placing their products on the market in order to develop the appetite of the public. London has no single staple industry similar to those which dominate midland and northern manufacturing towns, and every few years there is a pessimistic wail that its trade must soon pass away. Some of its former industries have largely gone elsewhere—shipbuilding to the Clyde and to Belfast, chair-making to Wycombe, dyeing and cleaning to Scotland—but the marvellous activity of the colossal city shows no sign of abatement. Competitors assail it with many advantages, but London continues on the even tenor of its way, like a mighty vessel sailing down a great river of the dark continent, attacked in vain by the swarm of canoes which seek to check its progress. Yet the disadvantages of London are many, and would prove fatal if a new start had to be made. It has neither cheap coal nor cheap iron; no natural facilities for economising force by the use of water-power; scanty light compared with other districts in many of its workshops; employers have to pay far higher wages than elsewhere. On the other hand, in the vast population of the City there is a unique market at its very doors. And London continues to be the great middle-market for the supply of the whole country—a great purchasing centre for those who live elsewhere. "Everything can be bought in London, and therefore everyone comes to buy." In London skilled service of every character, from the surgeon-specialist to the bookbinder, can be obtained without difficulty. Extremes indeed meet in London; the roughest and the cheapest labour exist side by side with the most developed and highly specialised; "London grinds out of her industrial mill both the best and the worst"; from it are sent forth the men who direct the engineering triumphs of the world, or reorganise the finances of nations; within its borders are found the poor wretches who pick up their miserable pittance at the dock gates. Much of the best work of England is entrusted to London firms; the most delicate work in jewellery, the best scientific instruments, the best work in stained-glass windows, the best organs, still come from London on account of

the superior excellence of the work of the London artisan. Very much of finishing and fitting work is done in London, as well as a vast amount of repairing work, due to its being the greatest port as well as the greatest city in the world.

It is not surprising that the very immensity of London attracts men; the mother-city of the empire and of the English-speaking race grows upon all who visit it. A distinguished essayist has well said, "a small London would be an abomination, as it fortunately is an impossibility, for the idea and the name are beyond everything an expression of extent and number." The London-lover "fancies himself for being a particle in so unequalled an aggregation, and its immeasurable circumference, even though unvisited and lost in smoke, gives him the sense of a social and intellectual margin."¹ If it seems the voice of the intoxicated worshipping which sings of London as the

"Too blest abode—no loveliness we see
In all the earth, but it abounds in thee!"

we may remember that even the gentle Cowper, with his intense love of the country, writes of "the resort and mart of all the earth"

"in which I see
Much that I love and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor,"

and finds in London what "pleases and yet shocks" him.

CHANGES IN LONDON TRADES.

The decade from 1881 to 1891 saw an increase of 10½ per cent. in population, but great changes in the numbers in different trades; thus, the number of workers engaged in making surgical and scientific instruments increased 113 per cent., while shipwrights decreased 56½ per cent. The statistics given for the past 30 years show, in most trades, similar changes to those of the last ten years. A few of the figures are startling in their magnitude: for the period from 1861 to 1891 the number of commercial clerks increased 205½ per cent.; of carmen 198 per cent.; of railway servants 199 per cent.—indicating the stupendous activity of the transport trade of the metropolis. There has been a concurrent increase in all the industries which are connected with the production of artificial light: in spite of the development of electricity, the gas-works service shows a great increase; and the soap and candle makers (after declining before 1881) show an increase of 26½ per cent. on the last decade. The more illumination people have, the more they want; a generation ago a few composite candles were thought sufficient for many a sitting-room; now fairy lamps and other novelties are added to the brilliant electric light and the incandescent gas-flame; in the public streets the same features are conspicuous, from the "flame-ringed gin-palace" to the

Mr. Henry James.

avenues of lamps which turn night into day. In a measure these things are an allegory also; the spirit of man craves for fuller and more varied light as it advances in knowledge. The statistics of rising and falling trades reveal the welcome fact that during the last thirty years the number of those engaged in the public-house trade has diminished 17½ per cent., while milk-sellers have increased 82 per cent.; the significance of these figures, as indicating an increase of sobriety, is considerable when it is remembered that the population has increased 50 per cent. during the period in question.

THE LIFE-STORY OF THE WORKERS.

Few readers will be prepared for the fact, which emerges from the statistics of the ages of workers in different occupations, that a very large number of people change their trade at least once as they pass through life. In some trades, such as printers, drapers, commercial clerks, warehousemen, and messengers, there is a marked preponderance of young people; on the other hand, in such occupations as lightermen, coopers, dyers, watchmakers, and brushmakers, there is an equally marked preponderance of those deep in middle age. The full statistics illustrate in great detail the state of flux in which sections of the population live, and the pressure of circumstances compelling men to find new occupations from time to time. Oppressive as such changes must often be, they nevertheless diminish the danger of caste which clings to unchanging and hereditary trades and relieve the irksome monotony springing from uniform toil. Nor must we forget that occupations are often chosen in the first instance in a very haphazard manner; some ill-defined preference or some boyish friendship may lead a lad to enter a particular factory or workshop. Happily the facilities for change of residence and the mobile conditions of certain trades lead to an approximately fair adaptation of the conditions of life in the world of labour.

It is found also that there is a very great range of wages in every trade. There is a widespread error abroad which imagines that because trade unions have succeeded in securing a minimum rate of pay in many occupations there is an approximately uniform remuneration in each trade. The elaborate statistics analysed here show a differentiation which will surprise the best informed. In any given trade the wages range from below 20s. to over 45s. a week. In each trade there is enough focussing of wages to indicate a standard wage for the trade; but this is seldom the weekly earnings of more than one-third of the total number employed. To take one illustration: out of 2,436 printers there are 404 who receive 38s. per week, 128 who receive less than 20s., 115 who receive 20s., smaller numbers who receive wages of intermediate amount, 184 who receive 40s., and 740 whose wages are above that sum. The wages scale is most delicately adjusted to the different capacities of the men.

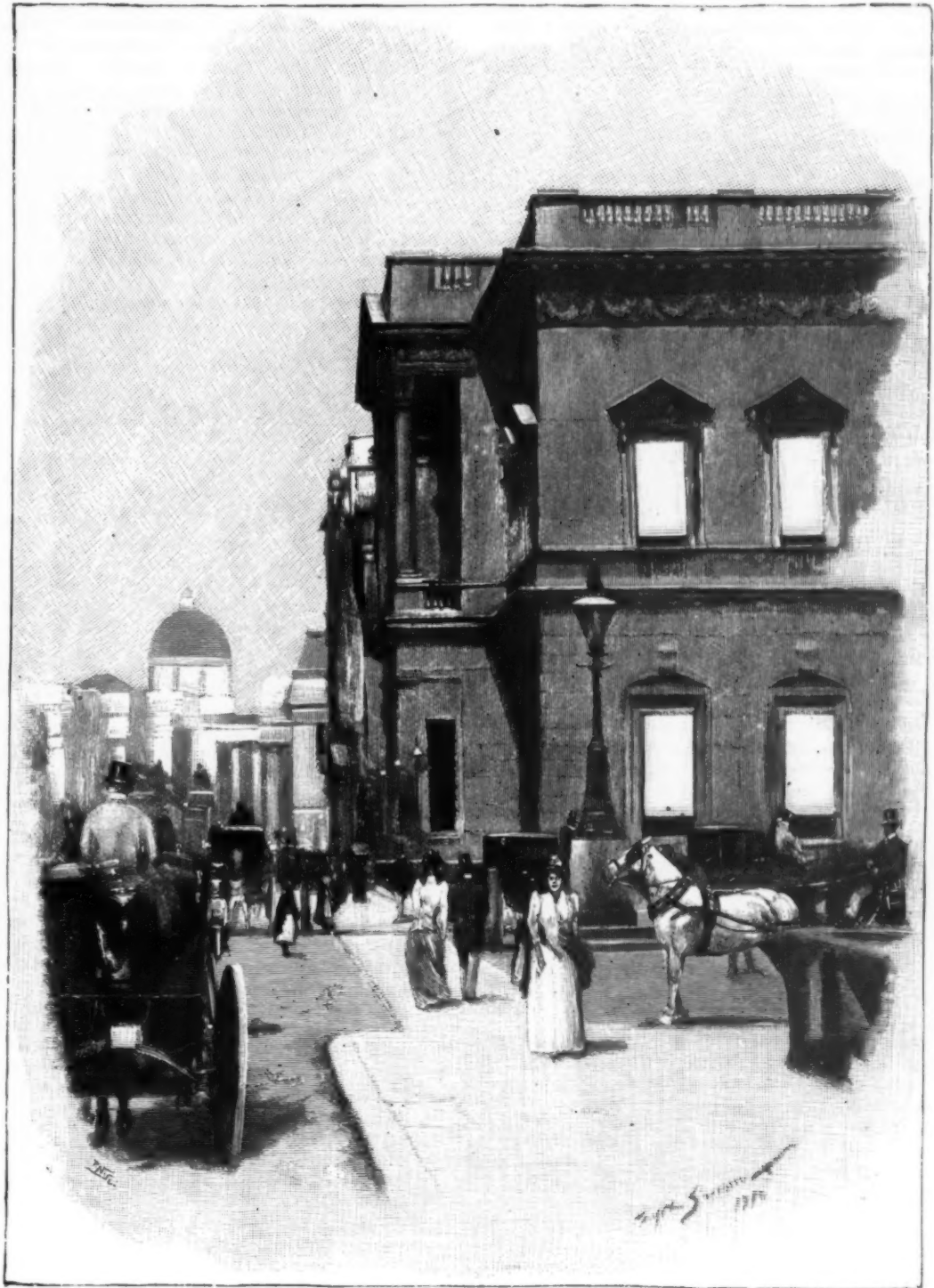


REGENT CIRCUS.

THE PERMANENCE OF SMALL FACTORIES.

The present generation has witnessed the growth of monster works, and it has become the custom of those who look for social reconstruction on the lines of collectivism to insist on the comparative ease with which the State will be able to assume control of the means of production on account of their concentration in mammoth enterprises; the industry can be

taken at one fell swoop and absorbed without difficulty. But London presents remarkable evidence of the persistence of quite small factories and businesses. The figures would indeed be perceptibly modified if the great industrial and manufacturing suburb of West Ham had been included in Mr. Booth's statistics; for on the banks of the Thames and the Lea, in "London over the border," there are found some of the largest factories in the Metro-



WATERLOO PLACE.

politan district. Taking London proper, we find that, in spite of the existence of many great and famous factories, the average number of men under each employer is remarkably small; thus, among bookbinders it is only twenty, among printers thirty-three, while the engineering firms are as low as twenty-seven, and with watch-makers no more than four men are on the average employed by a master.

Moreover, in a great many trades, large numbers work on their own account, are neither employers nor employed; thus, while among tailors there are 3,767 masters employing on the average six men each, there are as many as 3,363 who work on their own account. London is the stronghold of small industries. The result is the reversal of many ideas; we see that instead of the absorption of small concerns in large undertakings, so often regarded as the prevalent symptom of the period, there is in London—when the municipal and public services, the great transport system, and the gas works are excluded—a vast preponderance of quite small businesses. It is plain that in the Metropolis there is needed an exceptionally large number of factory inspectors to secure adequate supervision.

THE PRESSURE OF POVERTY.

A hundred and sixty years ago Dr. Samuel Johnson described London as "the common sewer of Paris and of Rome," and declared that

"By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe but hated poverty.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed—
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed;
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold."

In his final summary, Mr. Booth concludes that about 30 per cent. of the population must be classed as poor, by which is meant that, without being in actual want, they need more of everything for comfort; such people would have an average income of about twenty-one shillings per week. It is found that there are from 3 to 2½ unoccupied and dependent persons in the ordinary working-class household, so that it results that about five shillings and threepence is available each week for each unit in the family. Another third of the population has about ten shillings more per week—this includes many retail tradesmen and small masters; this section of the population may be considered to enjoy comparative comfort. The remaining third of the population includes all

who are better off. In the lowest section there is embraced the destitute. "The common lodging-house caters for their necessities and the public-house for their superfluities." This residuum of the population is a disgrace to the community rather than a danger; though smaller in relative number than is often supposed, it represents an appalling mass of suffering. The denizens of common lodging-houses (some 20,000 in number) and the dwellers in the most crowded tenements of Soho and East London, referred to in a previous article,¹ present an unsolved problem to philanthropists; and the bitter cry of desperate men and destitute children makes it impossible for us to rest complacently in the brilliant record which tells of the general progress of the people. Happily, at the present moment, the labour department of the Board of Trade shows a smaller number of workers out of employment throughout the country than at any previous period since 1890. Mr. Booth seems to have convinced himself that a steady man who knows his trade can generally secure employment. It is, of course, true that employers, when business is slack, weed out their less regular and competent workers, and dispense first of all with devotees of "Saint Monday," and men who habitually make their Sunday last three days. But it will be found that in times of trade depression there are many good and steady workmen who have to stand off.

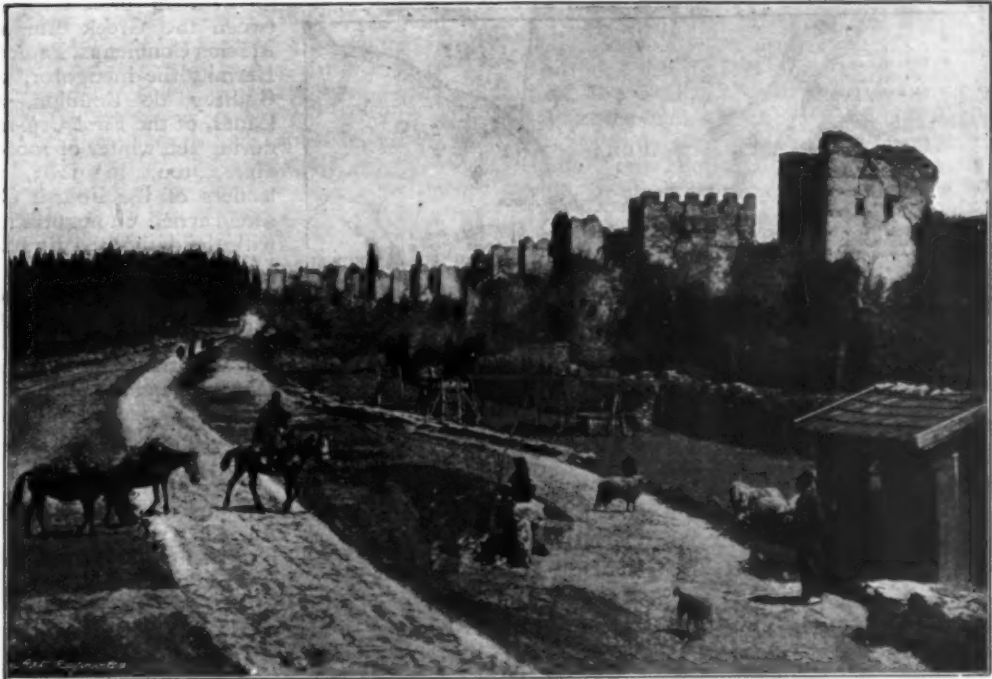
Drink remains the greatest cause of the poverty of the poor; the amount of money spent on it is enormous, and the evil will have to be attacked both directly and indirectly on every hand. But in spite of all the influences which militate against the well-being of men, there is no room for doubt that London is brighter and better than for two centuries and a half; during the past generation life has become sweeter and purer; in matters sanitary, educational, and social, gigantic strides have been taken; earlier in the Queen's reign there was a depth of degradation and a moral coarseness in ordinary life which would now revolt the inhabitants of fetid slums; an intenser civic spirit, a deeper earnestness, and a more hopeful outlook fill with thankfulness the heart of the humble worker, as he sees signs that

"Life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats."

F. W. NEWLAND.

¹ "Leisure Hour" for March, 1897, p. 285.

THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.



LOOKING BACK TOWARDS THE SELIVRI KAPUSI FROM THE SOUTH.

THE walk of between four and five miles outside and along the landward walls of Constantinople is one of the historic walks of Europe. The long double line of majestic towers, now drooping into the quiet valley, and then rising as in a stately march to the crest of the hill, presents a scene picturesque and inspiring that cannot be surpassed.

The history of Constantinople itself, until its final capture in 1453 by the Ottoman Turks under the great Mohammed, is little more than one long continuous record of the many sieges which these famous walls have sustained. Twenty-three times—historic records say—have the walls of Theodosius been long and furiously besieged by Huns and Slavs, by Persians and Avars, by Arabs and Bulgarians, by Russians, Genoese, and Venetians, by Crusaders and Latins and Greeks, and finally by the Ottoman Turks. The tremendous breaches these warriors made are now flanked with ivy and laburnum, acacias and judas-trees. The battlemented walls and the stately towers to-day stand silent; and all around by moat and gate and tower

"The brake grows high where once the legions trod."

Where the neighbouring Marmora, on a summer day like a pavement of turquoise,

washes with her quiet blue waters the marbled seaward towers, many proud and classic navies have shouted and grappled underneath cloudless skies. Many a royal argosy lies far beneath the tranquil surface, many a navy of the days of old.

Time and nature have augmented the ravages of man. The frosts of "Crimean" winters, together with the shocks and tremors of earthquakes, have left disastrous effects. The walls in this respect stand in marked contrast to the churches. Justinian's sublime and beautiful church, St. Sophia, sustained, indeed, great damage from a severe earthquake towards the end of the sixth century, about forty years after its completion, yet during the thirteen centuries that have since elapsed it has stood firmly and seen much ruin all around, and earthquakes have passed it by almost untouched.

The great earthquake which occurred in Constantinople two years ago did little damage to St. Sophia, but did not permit the famous and picturesque walls to remain uninjured. I noted afterwards that the Golden Gate of the Seven Towers and the Edirneh Kapusi—the Adrianople Gate—suffered especially; but nature, as if trying to make amends, has already begun to heal over the naked wounds with her kindly and prolific growth of ivy and creepers.

The imperial city of Constantine the Great is in the form of a triangle blunted at the apex, which is named Seraglio Point, and lies towards the east. On the northern side is the Golden Horn, dividing Stamboul from Pera and Galata; on the southern is the Sea of Marmora. These

and their successors, the Palace of Blachernæ became, owing to its strong and beautiful position, the favourite Imperial residence. Many historic and diplomatic scenes have been witnessed within its massive walls. Historian and novelist alike record that here were held the

momentous interviews between the Greek Emperor Alexius Comnenus, Peter the Hermit, the instigator, and Godfrey de Bouillon, the leader, of the First Crusade, during the winter of 1096-7. Here, too, in 1203, the leaders of the Fourth Crusade carried on negotiations with the dethroned Emperor Isaac Angelus, which resulted in the assault and capture of the city by the Crusaders under the blind old Venetian Doge, Henry Dandolo, and the restoration of the imprisoned monarch to his throne.



PLAN OF THE CITY AND WALLS.

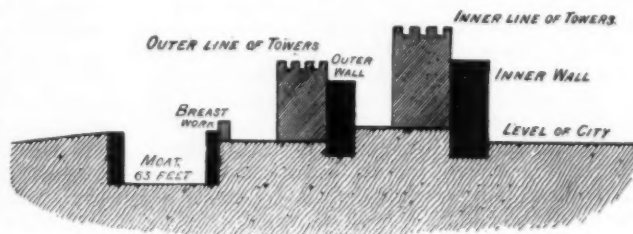
are natural boundaries, and so the city is limited by the sea and its inlet on all sides except the west. The western boundary of the city has for nearly fifteen hundred years consisted of the quadruple line of walls which the Roman Emperor Theodosius II. constructed in the year 412 of the Christian era. These walls run almost directly north and south from the citadel and palace of Blachernæ on the Golden Horn to the citadel of Heptapyrgion, or Yedi Kouleh, or the Seven Towers, on the Sea of Marmora.

The imperial quarter of Blachernæ is familiar to all readers of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "Count Robert of Paris." Since my acquaintance with this very interesting region, I have often wondered at the marvellous ability the great novelist has displayed in his graphic and accurate description of an intricate locality which he had never visited, and in his more or less correct delineation of palaces and prisons which he had never seen and explored. A similar vividness and fidelity is observable in the stately pages of Gibbon, especially in that great and well-known chapter on the final assault and capture of Constantinople by the Ottoman Turks.

The citadel of Blachernæ is fortified by the somewhat complex walls of Manuel Comnenus, Heraclius, and Leo the Armenian; and it has five towers, of which those of Anemas and Isaac Angelus are the most interesting and important. In the eleventh and twelfth centuries, under the Emperors Alexius and Manuel Comneni

remarkable prison, situated in the very body of a thick buttressed wall. Early in the Spring of 1894 I went with a friend of mine, who is perhaps the chief living authority on the subject of these city walls, to explore these prisons and dungeons, and further to make accurate measurements and to take photographs of the interior by magnesium light. Entrance is now effected only by climbing to a ledge eight or ten feet from the ground, and then by crawling along a low tunnelled way twenty-five feet long, and through some other shorter passages. As the prisons are in the thickness of the cold stone walls, and, owing to the present banking up of the earth outside, partly underground, the intense darkness seems quite solid and tangible, and a weird damp feeling pervades the cold still air.

The photographs were not an entire success;



DIAGRAMMATIC SECTION OF THE WALL OF THEODOSIUS.

and so on the morning of the tenth of July, the day of the severe earthquake, my friend, with two other gentlemen and a Turkish servant, made a second expedition to the prison.

At noon they were all inside, and a few minutes later began to carry their projects into effect.

Quite suddenly they were surprised to see a large number of bats come out from their holes and fly about very uneasily. But for nearly half a minute they neither felt nor heard anything at all unusual. Then they heard a deep rumbling and felt the vibration of the ground: plaster and stones from the walls and roofs came falling around them, and the long shock of a severe earthquake burst fully upon them.

To be underground in vast stone prisons with dungeons dark as Cimmerian night, and only two small candles burning, during a severe earthquake lasting from seventeen to twenty seconds, is an experience indeed. The absolutely sudden and simultaneous appearance of the bats so long before the shock really happened formed a curious instance of the possession by most animals of that 'sixth' sense of impending danger, which is so imperfectly developed in man. For, even after making the utmost allowances of time necessary for the earthquake wave to travel, it is quite evident that when the bats appeared the earthquake itself was still a thing of the future. When my friends were safely outside one of them said to the Turkish servant, "I should think you thank Allah for your safety." "Yes, sir," answered the Turk quietly, "I thank Allah a thousand times, but you will never get me to go into that place again." At the time I was a few miles away in the Isles of the Marmora, where the shock was even more severe than in Stamboul.

The Tribunal of Valens or the so-called Palace of Belisarius—the great General of Justinian—stands at the inner corner of the Castellum or Citadel of Blachernæ, just where the long walls and moat of Theodosius begin to run towards the south. The first of the illustrations represents a photograph of this splendid building. It is one of the few remaining specimens of pure Byzantine civil architecture, and upon this style as here represented the Venetian palaces were probably moulded. The photograph shows the northern façade of the palace with its beautiful arches and the variously decorated interspaces. There are also visible the two extremities of the platform from which the Emperors were proclaimed *urbi et orbi*, to the city and to the world. The one extremity—seen in the middle of the picture—was within the city, and from thence the first proclamation was made. The

extremity on the right was without the city, and the Emperor, standing thereon and looking out far over the plains towards the Old Rome and the West of Europe, was, from this superb palace of the New Rome, proclaimed monarch of the Roman Empire.

From this point the moat and the long line of Theodosian walls begins and extends to the Marmora, nearly four miles away. The inner wall, about thirty-six feet high and sixteen feet thick, was flanked with one hundred and sixteen towers about one hundred and fifty feet apart, and of this number a hundred remain. The outer wall, about thirty-one feet high and thirteen feet thick, was supported by seventy-



THE PALACE OF BELISIARIUS; NORTHERN FAÇADE.

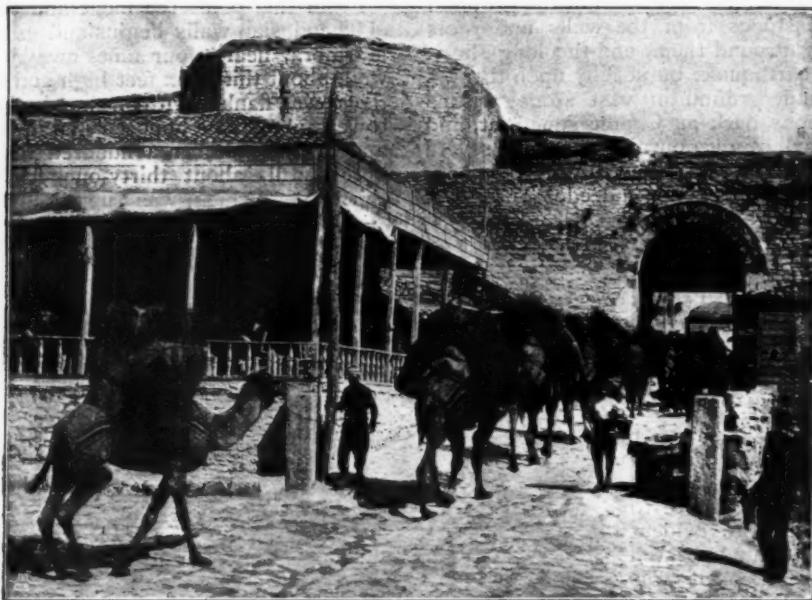
eight smaller towers of various forms—round, square, hexagonal, and octagonal, and placed equidistant from the larger towers. Of these, seventy-one either wholly or partly are still to be seen. The moat is from sixty-three to sixty-five feet wide. As it is now partly filled with mould, its original depth cannot be stated with certainty, but near the Marmora, in front of the Golden Gate, its depth to-day is more than thirty-two feet. Its present function, for nearly its whole length, is that of a series of profitable vegetable gardens, which can be well seen in some of the illustrations. And it will also be noticed that the moat is divided into many rectangular sections by transverse walls, a work rendered necessary by the declivity of the ground to prevent the water from running into the valley.

In these walls there were formerly fourteen gates, seven of which were public gates, and the other seven were military gates. One of the most interesting and important of the public gates to keep up communication with the

outside world was the Edirneh Kapusi, or Adrianople Gate. The illustration represents a photograph of a common enough scene in Constantinople—a long camel-train, laden with fuel, just entering the gate of the city. All the camels are connected by a cord. The master

"are more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars."

The next illustration gives a view obtained about half a mile beyond the Top Kapusi, and looks south towards the Marmora. The towers



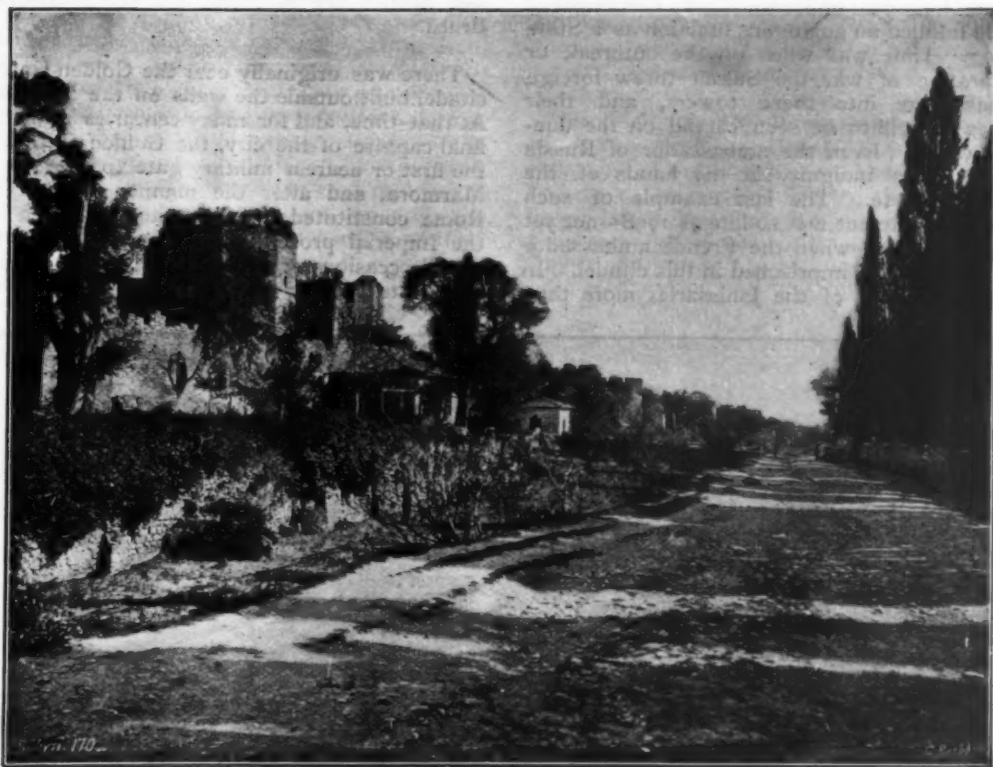
THE EDIRNEH KAPUSI, OR ADRIANOPLE GATE.

of the train generally walks with the foremost camel, and so he places in the extreme rear his wisest and best camel, a sage old beast with a bell attached to its neck. Should anything go wrong this rear-guard stops, and on the bell ceasing to tinkle the whole line instantly comes to a standstill.

After descending the valley and crossing the River Lycus, which is, however, now but a small stream, it is evident from the battered state of the walls and of both lines of towers that here the city has been subjected to some of its severest and most successful assaults. Close at hand is the Top Kapusi or the Cannon Gate, so called because it was here that Mohammed, in the last great siege of 1453, placed his largest cannon, which discharged both stone and iron balls of enormous size and weight. Some of these balls may be seen even to-day lying in the moat and placed above the gates. The real name of the Cannon Gate is the Gate of St. Romanus. Near it, on the fatal morning of May 29, 1453, Constantine XII, the last of the Greek Emperors, made his final stand, and fell, fighting to the end. And an hour or two afterwards the victorious Mohammed passed through this gate and entered triumphant into the great and beautiful city. "The distress and fall of the last Constantine," says Gibbon in his classic narrative of this eventful day,

shown, which are in a good state of preservation, are those on either side of the Selivri Kapusi; and the photograph also shows the bridge across the moat leading to this gate. Over one of the public gates a little to the north of the Selivri Kapusi is a somewhat vaunting Latin inscription, which reads in English thus: "By the command of Theodosius, Constantine placed these strong fortifications in their position in less than two months. Scarcely would Pallas herself have built a fortress so strong in a time so short." Most of the gates and some of the towers bear like inscriptions in Greek and Latin to commemorate victories or reconstructions. One reads: "The Fortune of Constantine, our God-protected sovereign, triumphs." And another: "John Palæologus, Emperor in Christ."

There is, perhaps, not a more beautiful or comprehensive view of the landward walls than that which presents itself to one who, having walked from the Selivri Kapusi about a quarter of a mile towards the Marmora, turns and looks back upon his path. The gaunt and defiant line of towers, so white where on the horizon they meet the dark clump of stately cypresses, is inexpressibly beautiful in the springtime, when the air is laden with the fragrance of the earth and the scent of the neighbouring sea; for tower and wall and counterscarp are all clothed with the first fresh pink and snowy bloom of

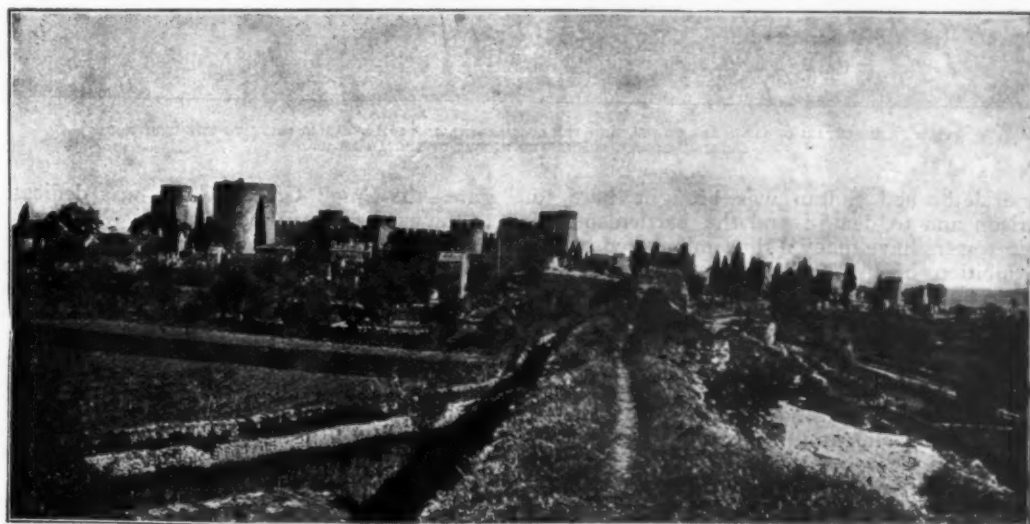


LOOKING TOWARDS THE SELIVRI KAPUSI, OR SELYMBRIA GATE, FROM THE NORTH.

almond-trees, acacias, and judas-trees, the laburnum's "dropping-wells of golden fire," and the early green of the clinging ivy.

And now we are nearing the end of the long line. Viewed from the north-western aspect, the citadel of the seven towers, the continua-

tion of walls to the sea-coast, the deep lapis-lazuli blue of the Marmora itself, with the purple mountains of Bithynia beyond, combine to form a strikingly lovely and impressive picture. Six of the seven towers remain, one having been thrown down by the great earthquake of 1768. Like the Bastille and the Tower of London, for

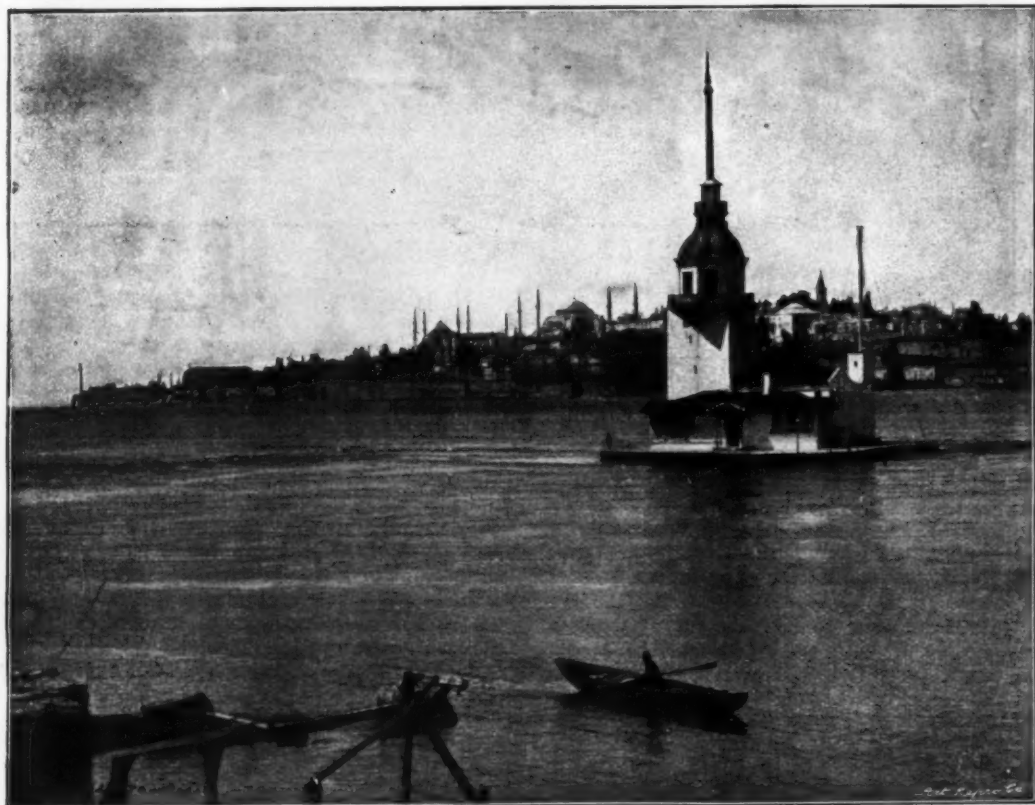


VIEW OF THE SEVEN TOWERS AND THE SEA OF MARMORA, FROM THE NORTH-WEST

many a long year under the Turks this Imperial castle fulfilled an analogous function as a State prison. Time was when on the outbreak or declaration of war the Sultan threw foreign ambassadors into these towers, and their names are still to be seen carved on the dungeon-walls. Even the ambassador of Russia suffered this indignity at the hands of the Sublime Porte. The last example of such insolent treatment was so late as 1798—not yet a century ago—when the French ambassador at the Porte was imprisoned in this citadel. In the strong days of the Janissaries more than

feet nestles the beautiful and many-mosqued Brusa.

There was originally near the Golden Gate a citadel built outside the walls on the seashore. At that time, and for many centuries until the final capture of the city, the Golden Gate was the first or nearest military gate to the Sea of Marmora, and after the manner of the Old Rome constituted a great triumphal arch for the Imperial processions to enter into the city on all occasions of civil or military importance. The central of the three archways of the inner



VIEW FROM SCUTARI OF LEANDER'S TOWER, AND THE SEAWARD WALLS FROM SERAGLIO POINT TO THE LIGHTHOUSE; SHOWING ALSO ST. SOPHIA AND MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

one dethroned Sultan was brought here to prison and to death; and the battlements of the towers have many a time ministered to the exhibition of the heads of grand viziers and other not more fortunate victims. The loftiest towers are about two hundred feet high. From their summits there is one of the finest views to be obtained even in Constantinople. Looking far to the south over the deep blue of the Marmora, the Arganthonian mountain range of Bithynia is visible until it loses itself in the sea on the right towards the Dardanelles; and over the serried heights of those purple mountains that snowy mass, like a furred and sleeping cloud, is surely none other than the broad and hoary peak of the Mysian Olympus, at whose

gate—the Small Golden Gate—was dedicated to the use of the Emperor alone. The names imply that these beautiful marble gates were decorated with ornaments of gold. On both sides of the Golden Gate sculptures representing classical subjects, such as the Labours of Hercules, adorned the walls. And the two flanking towers of marble give this noble structure almost the same appearance to-day as it presented fifteen centuries ago. But the present citadel of the Seven Towers was built by Mohammed II after the capture of Constantinople, to strengthen his conquest and form a chief garrison for the Janissaries. It was constructed around the Golden Gate, which therefore formed the principal entrance to the stronghold.

The seaward walls are, generally speaking, of slighter build than are the landward walls, because the besieged were very often assisted by both wind and current, against which the besiegers had to reckon. But their construction is a clear and standing proof of the great foresight that was everywhere shown in the fortification of the city. They are in most places protected at their base by a rampart of boulders. Both the seaward and the landward walls are constructed in the Byzantine method—namely, with alternate layers of marble (or stone) and brick. This method has the advantage of enabling the wall or tower to more easily withstand earthquake shocks. The seaward walls are considerably strengthened with marble shafts in order to resist more effectually the corrosive action of the salt water. But their chief peculiarity is doubtless their irregularity of line, so as to admit of their receiving obliquely the beating of the waves, thereby obviating and counteracting the tremendous force with which the rolling waves would beat and break full upon a long line of walls when the wind was blowing direct across the Marmora from the south. That even with these wise precautions constant vigilance and frequent repairs were necessary, may be gathered from the various inscriptions to this effect. One of the towers bears a graphic inscription to this effect: "In the year 1024 the Emperor Basil, the pious sovereign, erected from the foundations this tower, which the dashing of the sea, that battered it for a long time with much and violent surge, compelled to fall." Another inscription testifies that the

tower on which it is placed has been "Repaired by Manuel, the Christ-loving sovereign, Porphyrogenitus and Emperor of the Romans, son of Comnenus, in the year 1164."

The last illustration represents a photograph of the Seraglio Point taken from Scutari on the other side of the Bosphorus. Besides showing Leander's, or more correctly the Maiden's, Tower in the immediate foreground, the picture gives an excellent view of the mosques of Saint Sophia and Sultan Ahmed, and also of the seaward walls from the Seraglio Point to the Seraglio Lighthouse. On the lintel of one of the gates in this part of the walls is in Greek the text, "Open to me the Gates of Righteousness, that entering in I may praise the Lord." And not far away upon the wall there is another longer inscription in Greek to this effect: "Possessing Thee, O Christ, a firm wall, King Theophilus, the pious Emperor, reared from new foundations this wall, which guard with Thy might, O Sovereign Ruler, and display to the end of time, standing unshaken and unmoved."

Many volumes have been written about these unique walls of Constantinople and the classic associations that cluster around them—volumes fascinating enough to the student of ancient history and archæology. My aim in this short sketch has been to set forth a general view of the appearance of what are universally admitted to be the most beautiful, the best constructed, and the most frequently besieged city walls that have perhaps ever been built in this world.

SYDNEY C. N. GOODMAN.

A Song of Love.

THE Rose sang:

"Love lives and reposes,
And her heart uncloses
In Beauty:
Love dwells with the roses."

The Cloud sang:

"Love soars on white pinions
Away from Earth's minions,
In the heights
Above, her dominions."

The Grave sang:

"Not Heavenwards sweeping,
But in silence sleeping,
In the depths
Dwells Love in safe keeping."

Then all sang,

While Earth swelled the chorus
"Love is under us, o'er us,
Behind and before us,
Below the Grave, soundless,
Beyond the Earth, boundless,
Of Beauty, the kernel,
Passing Life, Supernal,
Everywhere,
Supreme and Eternal."

BEATRICE J. PRALL.

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

LOG OF THE VANGUARD.

THE following "Remarks," which give an account of the Battle of the Nile, are copied from the log of Nelson's ship, the *Vanguard*. A facsimile of the first portion accompanies our text. We have no intention of telling again the story of this famous battle; all may read with profit and pleasure the lucid account in Captain Mahan's recent "Life of Nelson." But it is not without interest to see the matter-of-fact way in which the progress of even a great victory is jotted down in a naval log-book, wherein we pass in a sentence from the roar of battle to peaceful knotting and splicing.

It will be remembered that the engagement began on the evening of August 1, 1798, and, lasting through the night, was not brought to a close until midday of the 2nd, when the only survivors of the French fleet, two line-of-battle ships and two frigates, escaped out to sea. The difference of dates in the log is accounted for by the reckoning of days from noon to noon. The "Remarks" differ slightly from the text printed in Nicolas's "Nelson Dispatches"; it will also be seen that the ship *L'Orient* is erroneously entered as "taken," instead of "burnt," in the list of ships taken and destroyed. The two ships of the line which escaped, the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Généreux*, were captured two years afterwards, to the intense satisfaction of Nelson, who had made it a point that the whole of the French fleet should be disposed of.

Remarks. Thursday, 2nd August, 1798.

Moderate Breezes and clear. Saw Alexandria bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. 7 or 8 leagues. Half-past 2, hauled our Wind, unbent the last Bower Cable and took it out of the stern-post and bent it again. At 4, Pharos Tower S.S.W., distant 4 or 5 Leagues. At 5, bore up for the French Fleet, Sounding 15, 14, 13, 11, 10 fathoms. 28 Minutes past 6, the French hoisted their Colours and commenced firing at our Van Ships. Half-past 6, came to with the best Bower in 8 fathoms, Veerd to half a Cable. At 31 Minutes past, opened our Fire on the *Spartiate*, which was continued without intermission untill half-past 8, when our oponent Struck to us. Sent Lieut. Galway and a party of Marines to take possession of her. At 9, saw three others strike to the *Zealous*, *Audacious* and *Minotaur*—55 minutes past 8, the *L'Orient* took fire, the Ships ahead still keeping up a strong fire on the Enemy. At 10, *L'Orient* blew up with a Violent Explosion and the Enemy ceased their fire. 10 minutes past 10, perceived another Ship on fire,¹ which was soon extinguished, and a fresh Cannonading began. 20 Minutes past 10, a total ceace of fire for 10 Minutes, when it was again renewed. At 16 Minutes past 12, Lieut. Vassal went with a party of Marines to take possession of a

Prize. 15 Minutes past two, came on board a boat from the *Alexander*. 55 Minutes past 2, a total ceace of firing. 28 Minutes past 3, came a boat from the *Defence*. 40 Minutes past 3, Lieutenant Vassal returned, the Ship he went to having got under weigh before he was able to board her, picked up and bro^d. on board 3 French men. 5 minutes past 5, the Enemy to the Southward began firing. 54 minutes past 5, a French Frigate ahead fired a Broadside and Struck her Colours, four minutes afterwards she took fire, and at 7 blew up.² At 6 the *Goliath* got under weigh and bore down to the Southward to the Enemy's Ships which had not struck. 40 minutes past 6 she began firing at a Frigate and continued firing till a quarter before 7. 50 minutes past 6 one of the Enemy's Ships of the Line fired some guns and then Struck her Colours and was boarded. 55 minutes past 5 *Zealous* weighed and went ahead. 57 minutes past 10, the English Ships began firing at a Frigate, gave her two broadsides and then ceased. $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, Two French Ships of the Line and 2 Frigates got under weigh and stood out to sea.

Officers killed	Quality	Officers wounded	Quality
Wm. Faddy .	Capt. Marines	Sir Horatio Nelson	Rear Adml. of the Blue and K.B.
Mr. Thos. Seymour	Midn.	Nathl. Vassal .	Lieut.
Mr. John Gordon Taylor	Do.	John M. Adye .	Do.
		Mr. Jno. Weatherstone	Mid.
		Michl. Austin .	Boatswn.
		Geo. Antrim .	Mid.
		John Campbell .	Adml. Sec. retary
20 seamen killd.		60 seamen wounded.	
7 marines do.		8 marines do.	

Total killed and wounded one hundred and five.

Remarks. 3 August, 1798.

Moderate and clear. Employed clearing the Wreck, knotting, splicing, &c. At 45 minutes past 12 the *Zealous* fired at 2 French Ships of the Line and 2 Frigates which were standing out of the bay.

Enemy's ships taken and destroyed.

Names	Guns	Men	How disposed of
Le Guerrier	74	700	Taken
Le Conquerant	74	700	Taken
Le Spartiate	74	700	Taken
L'Aquillon	74	700	Taken
Le Souverain Peuple	74	700	Taken
Le Franklin	80	800	Taken
L'Orient	120	1010	Taken
Le Tonnant	80	800	Taken
Le Heureux	74	700	Taken
Le Timolien	74	700	Burnt
Le Mercure	74	700	Taken
L'Artemise	36	300	Burnt
La Serieuse	36	300	Sunk

13 Minutes past 10 the Enemy set one of their Line of battle Ships on Fire. At 47 minutes past 11 she blew up.

¹ The *Franklin*.

² The *Artemise*.

Remarks Thursday 2^d August 1798

Moderate Breeze and clear saw
Alexandria bearing $SE \frac{1}{2} S$ 7 or 8 leagues
half past 2 hauled over Wind, unhooked the
shot 15th cable and took it out of the stern
port and beat it again
at 4 Pharos Tower SW dist^y 4 or 5 Leagues
At 5 bore up for the French Fleet Soundings
15. 14. 13. 11 10 fms 28 Minutes past 6 the
French hoisted their colours and commenced
firing on our Van Ships, half past 6 came
to within the best Bower in 8 fathoms. Kept to
half a cable at 31 Minutes past opened
our Fire on the Spartiate which was
continued without intermission untill
half past 8 when our opponent struck true
sent down Galway and a party of Marines
to take possession of her, at 9 San Thos
others strike to the Zealous, and actions,
and Minotaur - 55 Minutes past
8 the L^t Orient took fire the Ships a
head still keeping up a strong fire on
the Enemy at 10 L^t Orient blew up with
Violent Explosion and the Enemy ceased
their fire, 10 Minutes past 10 perceived
another Ship on fire which was soon
extinguished and a fresh cannonading
began 20 Minutes past 10 a total cease
of fire for 10 Minutes when it was again
renewed

BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS.

BY MARY E. PALGRAVE.



ALETHEA WANTS ELEANOR'S HELP.

CHAPTER IX.—“HE THAT FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.”

THE dawn breaks slowly and sulkily through the thick atmosphere of London in winter.

There is no colour about it, no mystery, no surprise. It comes, as it were, by a kind of negative process, and it is more by the gradual withdrawal of night than by the apparent entrance of morning that one knows another day has begun.

Eleanor Wilson was lying in bed, in that pleasant state between sleeping and waking which can only be enjoyed in the morning, and which owes half its charm to our sub-consciousness that it is liable to be demolished at any moment by the unwelcome summons to get up. It was a morning in January, a week later than the day of the hospital bazaar—a raw, inclement morning, but without fog. Eleanor lay thinking, between snatches of sleep, of pleasant things far away—of the Swiss mountain she and her brother had ascended last autumn and the wonders of its glimpses of other peaks and into the depths of mighty glaciers, and of the crystal airs breathing over its sunlit fields of snow—of the novel she meant to write some day, when more of that blessed thing called leisure should be hers—of the coming summer and its birds, and fresh leaves, and flowers—and all the treasures of nature so inexpressibly delightful to her beauty-loving senses.

She was roused from her dreams, with a start, by an unusual sound—as of some one tapping at her window—and opened her sleepy eyes to behold the “glimmering square” behind the blind, and to guess, by its comparative brightness, that the hour must be somewhere approaching seven. “How odd—it must be a bird!” thought Eleanor; and she closed her eyes again and tried to conjure up the Wengel-Alp in its dazzling whiteness.

A minute later a similar tap roused her completely, and she sat up in bed. “It sounds just as if somebody were throwing stones at my window!” she said, half aloud; and, as if to confirm her impression, another whack followed, about which there could be no mistake. But who in the world was likely to be throwing stones against a window on the third floor of a tall house in a West End street?

Eleanor sprang from her bed and was across the room in a moment. She pushed aside the blind and peered down into the misty street, where the light and darkness seemed to be

struggling together, and the street lamps, not yet extinguished, threw out round patches of light that only made the dimness beyond their vista the more confusing.

Yes! there was another stone; and Eleanor could see a figure standing on the pavement, on the opposite side of the road, with its arm raised, evidently in the act to repeat the offence. The arm dropped, however, as the lifted blind and the face at the window made themselves apparent; the figure moved into the circle of light from a lamp-post, and Eleanor, with a quick breath of astonishment, recognised Alethea Mordaunt.

Yes, Alethea it certainly was. She stood there, in the lamp-light, looking up towards the window; and, when the movement of the blind showed her that she was perceived, she put up her hand and beckoned—first turning to give a glance, on either side, along the street. The light showed that her lips were moving. Her whole figure seemed to say, "Eleanor, come down!"

No second bidding was needed. In the twinkling of an eye Eleanor had clad herself in her dressing-gown, and was speeding on her way downstairs. The whole house was silent and still asleep. "After all, it can't be much after six," she thought, as she fumbled with the fastenings of the front door, which was still securely bolted and barred. She opened it a little way and peered out.

Alethea was still standing under the lamp-post, with her face raised and her whole attitude full of anxiety; but at the sound of the opening door she scudded across the road, two eager hands clutched at Eleanor, and a cold white face was pressed against her own.

"Alethea! What in the world brings you out at this unearthly hour?" cried the other girl. "Are you *sure* you are not a burglar in disguise?"

"No—oh, no!" gasped Alethea, between laughing and crying. "It's only that I've—I've run away, Eleanor, and—*will* you lend me some money to take me home?"

Eleanor opened the door a little wider. "Here, come inside," she whispered. "I'm not exactly clad to meet the elements! Come into the hall, and tell me what on earth you are about."

Alethea was trembling with excitement; but she tried to pull herself together and speak quietly. "I've come away from Chester Square, Eleanor. I'm going home. It *is*—early, I know, but that's just the point of it. It just made it—possible; only I've not got money enough for my ticket, I find, and so I had to come to you, for I *knew* you would help me, dear, dear Eleanor. It was dreadful of me to throw stones at your window, but what could I do? I couldn't ring the bell and wake everybody up. They—they might have taken me back to Chester Square! And I felt I absolutely *must* see you. I've been standing in the street ever so long, trying to think how to get at you. Please, Eleanor, lend me ten shillings, and let me go!"

"Stop, I want to understand," cried Eleanor. She tried to make her voice sound stern, and hoped the duskiness of the hall hid the twinkle of amusement in her eye. "Do you mean to say that Lady Elliston doesn't know what you are doing—neither she nor Constance?"

"No, nobody knows. I didn't know myself till early this morning. I've not been to sleep all night, thinking about it, and at last I made up my mind. I've got some things in a bag—see—and I've packed my box, ready for them to send it after me. I suppose they will do that?—though, of course, they'll be dreadfully angry with me." Alethea's voice faltered a little, in spite of her resolution, and for a moment she nearly lost her composure. She was evidently in a state of great nervous tension.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Eleanor, planting her back against the wall, and surveying her young companion from head to foot. "To think that a mouse like you should have made up its mind to do anything so strong-minded! I never would have believed it of you, Alethea! What in the world do you think Constance will say?"

"Constance?" cried poor Alethea, with a shiver. "Oh, I don't know—I am afraid to think. But it is just *she* who has driven me to it. I believe she's sent for Frank to come home sooner, for I got a letter from him yesterday, saying he is coming to-morrow, though I know he didn't mean to come till the beginning of the week. And when I told Constance he was coming she laughed in that curious way of hers that seems to mean all sorts of things, and I'm sure she knew all about it, and had arranged it beforehand. And at bed-time"—Alethea made a halt, as if she could hardly bring herself to speak of it—"at bed-time she came into my room and said she must have a talk. And then she went through it all again—about my saving Frank and my influence being everything to him, and—and all the rest; and tried to make me *promise* I wouldn't say a word to him about—what I'd heard, and behave to him just exactly as if nothing had happened."

"And what did you say?" asked Eleanor, as the narrator paused again.

"I said I wasn't going to promise—I *couldn't*. I said I'd *try* and forget it, but I felt sure I never should. It was always in my mind, and I knew it would come out. And that I *couldn't* feel certain she was right; I didn't feel strong enough or good enough to keep Frank straight. I wanted him to help *me*. And Constance was very—angry—very angry *indeed*." Alethea's voice dropped, and Eleanor thought she was going to burst out crying; but with a mighty effort she controlled herself, and hurried on. "She said—oh! such dreadful things!—about my being only too lucky to have Frank care about me at all—and that I ought not to be so conceited and opinionated, and—and everything that was horrid and unkind. And I think she went away believing that I *had* given in, and was going to do as she wanted; but I never uttered a word—*indeed*, Eleanor, I didn't—that

she had any right to take as a promise. I said, over and over again, that I *couldn't* give a promise—that I must wait and see what I felt like when I saw Frank, and that I didn't believe it was *right* to do as she wanted, and that it wasn't acting fairly by him either."

"Bravo, Alethea!—I shouldn't have believed you had it in you!" was Eleanor's comment; but she kept it to herself, and only looked at her companion with those bright encouraging eyes of hers

"And I've been lying awake all night, trying to think what I had best do," went on Alethea, with piteous bravery. "I *can't* face Frank and pretend I feel just as I did before; and I *can't* face Constance if I'm going to do what she thinks so abominable. And so—so I made up my mind that the only thing was to—to go home, before he came, and not give anybody the chance to stop me. And you *will* help me, Eleanor? I *can't* do it without your help, for I've spent all my money but two shillings, and Mother hasn't sent me any more—and I've no one in the world to go to if you won't stand my friend."

Eleanor said nothing, even with her responsive eyes. Her keen wits were at work reviewing the situation. She felt what a critical passage it was in this young life—indeed, in two lives—and how much might depend upon the counsel she gave and the action she took at this crucial moment. Should she refuse to lend the money, and by that simple little action compel Alethea to go back to the house she had left—there to follow Constance's bidding and begin her married life on a foundation of distrust and misgiving? Or should she speed her on her way, and thus be a party to the breaking off of an engagement, with its inevitable consequences of unhappiness, disappointment, and injured feeling? Eleanor stood pondering, with her eyes on the floor, and with the swift uplifting of an inward prayer for a "right judgment" in this difficult case.

"I *must* go home—oh! I *must*!" broke out Alethea, after watching her a moment breathlessly. In her state of high tension suspense was unbearable. "I *won't* go back to Chester Square. I shall walk all the way to Gorleston if you won't lend me the money to go by train."

"See, Alethea," said Eleanor slowly; "I suppose you understand what it means—your going home? It means the breaking off of your engagement. At least, it seems to me that it can be nothing less than that? Have you really thought of it in that way?"

"Yes, I have—I know it means that," said Alethea resolutely. "I would rather give Frank up than marry him under false pretences. If only he were to come and ask me *why* I am doing this, I should tell him plainly all about it. But I don't suppose he will do that. He will be so very angry, and will never want to have anything more to do with me! But I *do* know it means that I shall not be engaged to him any longer. See, I've already taken off my ring! I've written him a note, and left it for him on my dressing-

table. I've made up my mind." The words came out boldly, though the tears were running down her cheeks.

Eleanor took the slim, childish hand, denuded of its sparkling ring, in her strong, tender clasp. "Dear, don't cry," she said. "You shall have the money and go home. I—it's very hard to judge, but somehow I believe it will be the best. I believe you are doing right. And—'What is right *comes* right,' you know. I will fetch my purse in a moment."

Eleanor's red-robed form was already halfway up the first flight when a fresh thought struck her, and she darted noiselessly down again

"By the way, what time is your train? And how do you intend to get to the station?" she demanded.

"Oh, I don't know about the train—I hadn't got a 'Bradshaw.' I'm going to take my chance. There's sure to be one soon, if I can only get to Liverpool Street," sighed poor Alethea, whose one thought now was to be gone. "And I can walk there, I suppose—there are no cabs so early, are there?—it can't be very far. It didn't seem so when I came. I must ask my way."

"Oh, Liverpool Street is miles away, and through such a maze of streets! You will take hours getting there alone," replied Eleanor, laughing. It was a relief to find something, however small, to laugh about. "But see, it is only half-past six yet, you early bird; I shall have plenty of time to come with you and get back before nine o'clock. Sit down here and wait for me. I shan't be five minutes."

Such a proposal was only too welcome to Alethea. To have Eleanor for a companion was worth waiting for, even though every moment added to her anxiety and nervous terror. In less time than seemed possible Eleanor reappeared, in her walking dress, and the girls sallied forth together, shutting the street door noiselessly behind them.

It was light now out of doors; there was a faint quiver of dawn appearing behind the bare boughs in the Royal Gardens, and the tardy winter day was really beginning. Alethea crimsoned with apprehension and glanced nervously this way and that, as if expecting Constance herself to appear in pursuit. But the West End is not an early place, least of all on winter mornings, and two or three cats, sloping homewards after their night's revels, were the only moving creatures visible between the lines of slumbering houses.

"Come along," said Eleanor; "if we are going to run away, let us do it in style." And the two girls joined hands and scampered down the street at a pace which they could not sustain for long. By-and-by a cab came in sight, which they hailed, and so made their way onwards to the Great Eastern terminus.

It was a silent journey for the most part. Alethea leant back in her corner and shut her eyes, as if too much tired out to speak or move,

and Eleanor sat upright, her quick glances surveying the awakening London world, with the shops slowly opening their doors and the milk carts proceeding on their rounds, while her thoughts went over and over the difficult problem which had fallen in her way. She wondered whether Alethea's absence had yet been discovered?—what the attitude of Constance and Lady Elliston would be?—how Frank himself would take the flight of his lady-love?—and, finally, what would be the issue of it all? "If Frank Elliston is worth anything he will come after her and insist on understanding the whole matter," thought Eleanor; "and that may just mean his turning over a new leaf, and setting himself to become worthy of her. For he isn't a bit worthy of her now—I'm certain he isn't. And if he *doesn't* come, it means she is well quit of him, though, of course, she won't realise that, poor little soul! Oh, it *is* an ordeal for her! And such a child as she is to face it all alone, with nobody's backing but—mine! She is doing what few people I know would have the courage for." Eleanor looked round at the little white face in the corner, and her eyes filled with tears.

The cab—it was a very old and "growlerish" one, with an ancient nag to it, who, to judge by his speed, had been out all night—rattled and creaked upon its way through the empty City streets, where a few omnibuses were the sole form of traffic in motion. Alethea only once looked up and spoke. She started forward, suddenly, with an exclamation of pain—"Oh, Eleanor, it means losing *you* too! Oh, I hadn't thought of *that*! When shall I ever see you again?"

"Oh, no, it's not *losing* me, Alethea. We are friends, and always shall be. You are to write to me, as often as you can and will—don't forget that. And you will have to come and stay with me; and we will explore City churches and do the Greek statues thoroughly at the British Museum, and have a regular good time of it together."

Alethea tried to smile and look grateful, in response to the cheery voice; though at the same time she shook her head. "I shall never want to come to London again. I shall never care for anything here," she said mournfully. Eleanor, from the experience of twenty-seven, could not help smiling at the "nevers" of nineteen; but her companion had slipped back into her corner once more, and she thought it kindest to let her alone.

Tea and stale buns proved to be forthcoming at Liverpool Street, in spite of the early hour; and they brought some colour back into Alethea's cheeks and life into her eyes. Half an hour more and her ticket was taken, herself and her little bag were installed in the train, and that "eleventh hour" was come—that very last moment wherein it is yet possible to draw back—which to apprehensive and quaking souls has more agony in it than the painfulest of accomplished facts.

A wave of sickening fear and doubt swept over the girl's mind, and showed itself in her face. Eleanor was standing at the carriage door with her hand upon it. Alethea drew a long breath and put both her hands on those strong, warm fingers. "Oh, Eleanor," she cried, "*have* I done right? I could still jump out and come back with you, and you would never tell anyone about it! Oh, hadn't I better? Perhaps I'm quite wrong! If I *only* knew! Oh dear, I'm *so* frightened!"

But Eleanor looked at her and smiled, with a merry, encouraging look. "There's the guard waving," she said; "so you *can't* come back now. The die is cast. But, my dear, don't look like that; cheer up and go on bravely, and it will work out right in the end—you may be confident it will. You have tried honestly to follow the light, and it won't betray you. Only follow it on and don't be afraid of where it may lead you—even though it be in 'a bare and rugged way.' 'Commit thy way unto the Lord,' Alethea. Good-bye; God bless you."

And as the whistle sounded and the train moved out of the station, the last sight which Alethea saw, through a mist of tears, was the charming face of Eleanor Wilson, looking after her with eyes full of strength and comfort and that humorous, kindly smile on her lips.

CHAPTER X.—AFTER TWO YEARS.

WE are on Gorleston pier again, nearly two years later than the day when we first saw Alethea Mordaunt there; only it is a morning in June now, and not an evening in August. Alethea is there again, standing near the edge of the pier and looking down into the water with a thoughtful face; but her companion this time is not the lively Bob—he has joined his brothers at the Yarmouth Grammar School—but a little sick sister of ten years old, lying flat and helpless in an invalid carriage. The child cranes up her neck now and then, when the dip of oars or the flapping of a sail against the mast tells that a boat is speeding by to seaward; but for the most part she lies still and quiet enough, and gets her amusement from the descriptions and remarks which Alethea gives her from time to time.

The time which had passed since Alethea Mordaunt took her life into her own hands and fled home, that winter morning, had brought many hard experiences to the girl and taught her many lessons. She had not been at home a week before her mother—roving about in the east wind with a neglected cold—fell very ill, and lay for weeks between life and death. It was a most trying and laborious time for poor Alethea. She not only had to help to nurse the invalid, but also to rule the disorderly little household and take care of the unmanageable tribe of brothers and sisters, while all the time carrying about with her an aching heart. That spring was indeed a dark time for the girl, and, as she toiled along, the episode of her London visit and her engagement

to Frank Elliston hovered in her memory like a strange, uncanny dream.

Then, before Mrs. Mordaunt was really strong again, a fresh anxiety came. Hester, one of the little girls, began to pine and to limp, and it became apparent that a fall downstairs, which she had had during the worst days of her mother's illness, was going to have serious consequences. Her tumble had been taken no notice of at the time. Lottie, her twin, had picked her up and wiped her eyes; and Hal, her eldest brother, had given her a penny, on condition that she "stopped her noise and didn't bother Ally"; and so the damage, which might have been easily remedied if taken in hand at once, had grown into what threatened permanent lameness.

The sick child became Alethea's special charge, and most tenderly she watched over her. Hester was a bright, eager being, full of life and of plans, and to be kept a prisoner in bed, with a heavy weight tied to her ankle, and often suffering much from pain and restlessness, was a trial indeed to so undisciplined a creature. It needed all her eldest sister's patience, ingenuity, and watchfulness to nurse her and keep her still, happy, and patient; and the task brought out the tender womanliness and helpfulness of Alethea's nature, and drew upon and developed all her powers.

These trials, heavy as they were, would have been easy enough to bear—or so Alethea thought—but for the inward trouble and heaviness which went everywhere with her. When she broke off her engagement and went home, it must be owned that, at the bottom of her heart, she held the belief that Frank would never let it rest there; that if he loved her as he said he did he would certainly follow her to Gorleston; that the whole story would be told, and that—well, if he *were* to blame, still there would be some explanation, some promise of amendment that she could accept, and on the strength of which their engagement might go on. "I shouldn't be hard upon you, Frank," said the poor child to herself. "All will come right again, I am sure, if *only* you will come and ask me what it is that stands between us."

Those first two days after her home-coming were a nightmare of suspense and anguish that Alethea never willingly thought of in after-years. On the third day came a letter from Frank—half-a-dozen lines full of nothing but anger and injured feeling, to which silence was the only reply possible. Lady Elliston wrote an incoherent effusion, full of dashes and exclamation marks, and bearing evident traces of tears shed upon it, but offering no help and bringing no comfort. From Constance there came—nothing at all!

It was a merciful thing for the poor child that, just at that time, her mother's illness began, and her thoughts and energies were drawn forcibly aside into another channel; or the pain and distress of those days would have been more than her brain could bear. In quiet

moments, when sitting by her mother's bed, or when out of doors on hurried errands, she went over and over those miserable scenes in London, or repeated, under her breath, the reproachful, angry sentences of her lover's letter, wondering to herself, in dull misery, how he *could* have found it in his heart to treat her so, and whether he had ever loved her at all, since he could let her go so easily. But, fortunately for her, her powers, both of body and mind, were so heavily drawn upon that, at night, she fell asleep, like a log, the moment her head touched the pillow, and during the day her senses were so much blunted by fatigue and anxiety that she seemed to herself unable to feel anything very acutely.

A letter which she at length received from Constance brought her a yet keener sting and a more burning sense of unhappiness. It reached her about three months after her return home, when the worst of Mrs. Mordaunt's illness was over, and her daughter had leisure to review and realise her own troubles. It came, too, in the pleasant spring-time, when—even in the tardy eastern counties—Nature was "all a-blowing, all a-growing," and when Alethea, poor child, was full of an instinctive, passionate longing to be having her "fresh spring," too, of happiness and joy of life.

Constance's letter was sad and bitter and reproachful. Frank, it said, had been made most unhappy by Alethea's behaviour; he had been restless and unsettled ever since, and had told his sister, again and again, that he did not care what became of him—that he did not mind what sort of a life he led, since Alethea had thrown him over. Constance, it must be owned, made the utmost, in her letter, of these reckless speeches; and did not fail to hint that he would certainly act upon them—nay, that he was already inclining to do so. Some one more versed in the world and its ways than little Alethea would, no doubt, have been able to take this for what it was worth, and to discount the prejudiced, jealous spirit of the writer. But to Alethea it was all unmitigated anguish; and when she came to one short, bitter sentence, wherein the whole matter was summed up—"You, and you only, are responsible for this"—the words, written square and black, in Constance's vigorous handwriting, seemed to dance before her eyes and burn themselves into her brain. She lifted a blanched, horror-struck face from her reading, and looked round with a shiver, feeling as if the brand of Cain were upon her forehead. Frank was going to the bad, and she was to blame for his doing so!

The misery of that thought seemed, in its first crude horribleness, more than Alethea could bear. It would have been indeed a happy thing for the poor child had there been anyone to whom she could go with her trouble; the very putting of it into words would have shown it in a new light; and a friend with sense and judgment would have helped her to see how grossly overstrained and unfair Constance's

accusation was. But Mrs. Mordaunt was in no state, as yet, to be troubled with painful questions; and Eleanor Wilson was away on a tour in the Holy Land, and difficult of access by letters. Alethea had no one to turn to, and had to bear her burden alone as best she might. Happily for her, little Hester's accident and its results came, just at that time, to the fore, and the fresh call for exertion and self-forgetfulness made itself heard at the very moment when she most utterly needed help.

It is strange in what guises the Angel of Help comes to us! He comes in the shape of a heavy trial, just when we fancy we can least bear it; and, behold, our shoulders, which were aching under one burden, carry two with ease! He comes to us, taking away the bodily strength and powers which seemed to bring us the sole pleasures we had in life; and lo! the hour of our weakness brings us spiritual joys and silent consolations which transfigure the whole of our being! When little Hester fell ill, and Alethea first heard, from the doctor's lips, that hip-joint disease had begun, and that the child would need careful nursing for months, and the utmost attention and care that could be given her, she felt that she *could* not face it—that it was more than our Heavenly Father could, in justice, lay on one already so unhappy and so heavily weighted.

But when she went back into the nursery, and Hester put her little arms round her neck and hid her flushed face on her breast, the tide of tenderness flowed back again, warm and strong; and she felt that, however hard the struggle might be, she would do her best for her little sister. And ere long, in the absorption of her loving cares, she could only wonder to find her own personal trouble so possible to bear.

Those hard days of illness and anxiety were over now, and easier times were beginning for the Mordaunts. Mrs. Mordaunt had recovered her health; and little Hester, though still forbidden to walk, was gaining ground daily, and there was every prospect of her being entirely cured. Best of all, Colonel Mordaunt's regiment had come home from India; and he himself had received an appointment in a southern county—a good appointment, which, while it lasted, would make him a prosperous man. They were to leave Gorleston and move to a pleasant house in Surrey.

The weight lifted off Alethea's young shoulders, by her father's return, was heavier than she knew till it was gone. Time, too, had taken the keenest edge off her sorrow over her broken engagement; Frank Elliston was less ceaselessly present to her thoughts; and she felt as if—could a certain dull heartache only have been taken away—she might be beginning to know what it felt like to be happy and light-hearted again. But, though less constantly realised, that heartache was always there, and so was the sense of keen disappointment in the man to whom she had given her love—the sore-hearted, injured feeling of how badly he had

treated her. There was, too, the undefined but intense longing to hear some news of him; to know how it was with him; to hear that, after all, he was "being good," and that Constance's dreadful predictions had not come true. For since that one painful letter of hers no word had come; the only news of Frank that had ever reached poor Alethea's anxious ears was the fact, mentioned in one of Eleanor Wilson's letters, that he had gone abroad for a year or two, and was said to be intending to make his way across the desert of Central Asia.

The Mordaunts had now come to the last days of their life at Gorleston. Alethea's daily pilgrimage to the pier, with Hester in her light perambulator, would only be made once or twice more.

The thought of this kept both of them silent on that June morning when we see them there. Hester was thinking of all the fish she would have caught, and all the sea bathing she would have had, if only she had been able to run about like Lottie, during this last year of their life by the seaside. Alethea, too, was going over, in her mind, their Gorleston days, and thinking—for the thousandth time—with puzzled, sorrowful ponderings—of that episode of her engagement; of those four months of mixed experiences, which now, more than ever, seemed "as a dream when one awaketh."

Suddenly a step sounded on the echoing planks of the pier, and a shadow fell across their bleached, dusty surface. Alethea woke from her reverie and looked up with a start—looked up to find the brown eyes of her dreams gazing at her out of a bronzed, sunburnt face, no longer with the self-satisfied, careless affectionateness of old times, but full of an earnest, humble, passionate tenderness that was as new as it was unmistakable.

"Alethea, I have not a word to say for myself—my behaviour to you has been beyond all justification—but can you ever forgive me?"

And Alethea came back to the present to find her hands clasped in Frank's, and to see him looking at her with his soul in his eyes.

"The very first thing we must do before we go about our shopping," said Mrs. Frank Elliston to her husband, "is to go round to Chester Street and see if Eleanor Wilson is at home. I do so hope she won't have gone down to the country yet. You know I wrote to her, Frank, from Paris, and told her how soon we should be in London, and asked her to let me know when she could come and see me. I thought we should find an answer when we got to Chester Square yesterday; but there was nothing. It's not like Eleanor to leave letters unanswered; so that makes me think she must have gone down to Herefordshire. Dear, dear Eleanor—I do so long to see her again! I wonder if you know what was the *last* time that she and I were together, Frank? Can you guess?—I've told you all about it."

Alethea edged a shade closer to her husband, and looked up at him with a deepening colour and half-laughing, half-serious glance. Her soft young face bore its prettiest wild-rose tints, and her eyes were shining and dancing with happiness. In all the bravery of her trousseau raiment she looked as fresh and sweet a creature as anyone might wish to see. It was plain enough what her husband thought

body gone out of town. Were they not just home from their wedding journey, and spending a few busy days in the Chester Square house before going down to instal themselves at Ashenden Place?

It was clear enough—from the smile and look that passed between them—how perfect was the understanding between husband and wife. "Yes," Frank answered, "*I* know what that



THE BROWN EYES OF HER DREAMS WERE GAZING AT HER.

of her, as his eyes surveyed her with a proud, satisfied look.

It mattered little to either of them that the houses of polite Eaton Square, down which they were passing, were almost all shut up; that the roadway was empty of carriages, and the leaves of the trees in the Square gardens were showing wrinkled, dusty, and yellow—that London, in short, was looking its dullest and shabbiest, and bearing on its face plain evidence that the season was over and every-

time was—the morning when Nell Wilson helped a certain young woman to run away! I suppose, in the natural order of things, I should have a big quarrel to pick with her; but I've found out, you see, that it was just the best turn she could have done me, and that it is all thanks to *her*, really, that—that—you and I are what we are to each other, my darling, to-day."

"I know, Frank—I understand," said his wife softly. "We both owe Eleanor more

than we can *ever* thank her for. Only she won't believe it—she never does! I wonder whether we shall see her this morning?"

"Look, there's old Sir Alexander crossing the Square," remarked Frank. "He would be able to tell us where she is. How much he has begun to stoop, and how he's creeping along, poor old fellow! If we walk quickly we shall easily overtake him."

An elderly man, whose face bore a strong family likeness to Eleanor Wilson's, was walking slowly down a cross street, with his back bowed and his eyes on the ground. He pulled himself up, with a start, as he heard his name spoken and saw a couple of people bearing down upon him.

"How do you do, Sir Alexander?" said Alethea's pleasant young voice. "We are so glad to see you. It means, I hope, that Eleanor is still in town? We were—we were coming—" But there she faltered and stopped, with a puzzled, anxious look. Something in Sir Alexander Wilson's face had checked her eager speech, she knew not why.

"Oh! what is it?" she cried, answering to his look, not his words, for he had not yet spoken. "What is the matter? Why do you look at me like that?"

"My dear, don't you know? Hasn't Stephana written? Or the papers—did not you see it there?" The old man spoke, with his eyes on the ground, and in a sunk, subdued voice, as if he were keeping himself aloof from emotion of any kind. "The news hasn't reached you, then, of our dear Eleanor's death?"

"No," answered Alethea, in a husky whisper. Something was clutching at her throat, so that she could hardly breathe or speak.

"It happened ten days ago—she was only ill a week," went on the old man, in the same dull, even voice. "I am afraid we managed badly about letting people know; and it came as a shock to many who loved her. We are very sorry for that; but it was—difficult. You will forgive us, I am sure, under the circumstances."

"Yes, indeed—pray don't think of it for a moment," interposed Frank Elliston, for he saw that his wife could not speak. He paused and hesitated; all words seemed so inadequate. Then, acting on the unspoken wish he could read in Alethea's blanched face, he said gently, "Do you mind telling us what was the cause of it?"

"Inflammation of the lungs. She caught cold at her factory girls' treat. She was only ill one week. We buried her on Monday." He stopped, and his sunken, tired eyes lifted themselves and travelled from one young face to the other with a wistful, considering look. He was dwelling, perhaps, on their vigour and freshness—thinking of the contrast they made with a face he had lately looked upon. He caught sight of tears rolling down Alethea's cheeks.

"My child," he said, "you knew our dear Eleanor well, and loved her. She recognised us all just before the end, and sent her love to all

her friends, and told us she was not afraid, and we were not to grieve about her going. You know what she was like—how she was always in love with joy; and now she has joy and gladness as her portion for ever. At least, that is what they tell me I must believe. I don't know much about those things myself; and—and it is mostly very blank to me. I cannot get beyond the fact that

She is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me—

But I must not detain you. Good morning to you both." And the old man bowed and went his way with the same lost, dreaming look on his face, sadder than any tears.

A sob that could not be kept back broke from poor Alethea. Frank pulled her hand through his arm and turned with her into a side street, where the pavement was a desert and there was hardly a creature within view. Her tears were dropping like rain, and her shoulders were shaking with her sobs. "Eleanor dead!—my dear Eleanor dead!" she cried; "and I never knew it? Oh, it doesn't seem *possible*! It can't—*can't* be true!" She clung to her husband's arm and looked up piteously in his face. Frank stood, stroking the little hand which rested on his arm, in a helpless bewilderment of trouble and pity. He was honestly grieved, for his own part, at this news about his old playmate, and was also full of distress at the sight of his wife in tears—for the first time since their wedding day. If only he knew what to say that might comfort her! But "Don't cry, dear—it's awfully sad, but don't cry," was all he could think of.

"Why *should* she have been taken away like this?" broke out Alethea again, after a minute of choking grief. "She was the very best I ever knew; and she was leading the most beautiful life; and we all looked to her and needed her so much—and—and now she's gone, all in a moment—quite utterly out of our reach! And she was going to do so much, and had such wonderful plans, and all to help and cheer other people! So many of us might have been taken away who were so little good! But Eleanor, who had so much on hand, and whom everybody loved and wanted, oh! how can we do without her? And, Frank, she was so *full* of life, and the world was so beautiful and interesting to her—she *can't* have been willing to die! It's so *impossible* to think of her and death together!"

Frank Elliston found his tongue at last, and spoke out of the thoughts that were in him. "My darling," he said, "I don't know—I've no right, God knows, to speak of such things!—but surely we need not think of her and death together? She is not dead—she has only entered into Life—into that fuller life she was always striving and longing after. It would be impossible ever to think of her as dead, and we need not do it. Let us think of her as more truly alive than she has ever been yet; serving

God and seeing His face as well ; and with all that made life worth living infinitely more her own than it was here. I believe that is the only true, real way to think of her. We owe her—you and I—more than we can ever say ;

let us think of her as *she* would wish us to do—with thankful hearts."

And Alethea looked at her husband with eyes that were full of wondering respect as well as love ; and, by degrees, was comforted.

SIX BY THE SEA IN NORMANDY.

BY MRS. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.



THE LITTLE PARADISE, LANGRUNE.

WE were six, and we wanted to spend our summer holiday abroad. Not as tourists, always on the move, bound to make a record of churches in a given time, but as a family in easy summer quarters, free to embroider the margin of our idleness with the exertion of such convenient sight-seeing as the day's mood might dictate, or free to keep our laziness intact, as we chose.

We knew our destination. Its advantages we had by heart, learnt off the card. In The Little Paradise, as our hotel in prospect was delightfully named, we should find a dining-room vast and beautiful, a piano, gardens, *bosquets*, a *garage* for *bicyclettes*, a *gymnase*, a dark-room for photography, renowned cooking, and the best cider in Normandy.

The nightly summer service from Newhaven to Caen has within the last few years made Normandy so accessible that it will probably not long be possible to find unsophisticated resorts such as are still common on the Calvados coast, not twenty miles from magnificent Trouville—"Paris-sur-Mer," as they call it. It seemed too good to be true that we should find a resting-place without a casino, so close at hand ; but so it proved.

Reaching Newhaven, we stumbled drowsily along the dark quays, past the Dieppe boat, and found our steamer waiting. She was a new boat, just put on for the season, as fresh as a daisy in her white paint, and with a blameless record of four crossings over charmed waves, and a pretty young stewardess with a musical

voice to assure our ladies that it was always so. We were already too tired to lie long awake, and only roused up when a six hours' voyage brought us at sunrise to Ouistreham, and we stopped, to enter the canal-lock.

The sun shone caressingly, there was just a touch of six o'clock crispness in the air, poplars and willows fringed the banks, blue blouses came selling milk, three sportsmen with long guns and tasselled game-bags passed by, and a little *gendarme* gave the official touch to assure us this was France.

The canal (or, rather, canalised river Orne) leads through eight miles of gardens, orchards, sheltered, summery country-houses, with here and there a church or a *château*, to Caen. Here we landed, passed with flying colours the easily contented Douane, then, despatching our boxes per 'bus to St. Martin's, the station for the coast line, we turned deaf ears to the whip-cracking host of cabmen, and walked through the town.

Once on board the queer, two-storeyed, slow-coach of a train, half an hour sufficed to bring us back to the sea. (We thus traced two sides of a triangle since we left it at Ouistreham.) Our route lay through nursery-gardens, golden harvest-fields, and orchards dotted with bright, small apples and pears. Vines hung in festoons over the high walls, and lines of greyish-green poplars were everywhere.

The trees ceased as we came near the sea. The country resembled the north-east coasts of England, only that every inch was cultured; and though evidently wind-swept, it was not wind-starved, as our own shores are. The air was genial, and the trees, though small, were not warped out of shape. Soil yellowish sand, no rocks to speak of, but a low, crumbling beach-line of chalk, full, as we found, of fossil shells. East and west stretched miles of level sands, from which the tides receded far. Crossing the main street of the village, leading down from the church to the sea, our train stopped at Langrune Station, and we gathered our possessions together and disembarked. A commissioner was in waiting for us, and led the way. Down a narrow street, the street, we followed, enjoying the clean, strong, salt breeze on our faces. On either hand were low houses of all sizes, one with both vine and fig-tree flourishing in an enclosure not more than four feet square. Flower-boxed windows and balconies, tiny gardens crowded with bright blooms, and little shops, mingled together anyhow, made up the street. Far across the end of it was a deep-blue strip of sea. The shops began to display luxuries as we went on—gaily striped *peignoirs* and costumes, sun-hats, shrimping-nets, and dangling bunches of *espadrilles*—the indispensable shoes, with rope soles and canvas uppers, which make French bathing so comfortable.

Turning to the left along a winding road, we suddenly came upon the hotel of The Little Paradise from the back, entering it on its in-

land or garden side. We were ushered into a garden gay with dazzling geranium beds, the vivid green of acacia-trees, and big bushes of broom, whose yellow flowers were as large as sweet-peas, filling the air with a strong sweet odour. Under the trees were the coffee tables and two swings (the *gymnase*!); on the low walls were various *plats*, and piles of plates gathered in readiness for the forthcoming *déjeuner*. It was now eleven o'clock, and several kitchen minions were running to and fro, too busy to heed us. However, a cook's cap popped for a moment from a doorway at the side of the garden. Madame Bertrand was shouted for, and soon made her appearance in the archway that led under the main building from the garden to the sea-front.

She led us through the arch, and out into the sandy court, round three sides of which the hotel was built. On the fourth was the *plage*, seen through a tall iron railing whose rusty gates stood always half-open, deep in sand.

The hotel was roofed with red tiles, shabby, white, three-storeyed, with plaster peeling off its walls, and sun-blistered shutters fastened back from its white-screened, balconied windows. Shrimp-nets leant against the wall by the open doors of the long *salle à manger*, croquet-hoops were stuck in the sand, mallets and balls lay about, and rigged up from the house to the railings a new striped awning flapped in the wind and threw a patch of welcome shade at our feet.

Favoured *pensionnaires* had possession of the ground-floor rooms, each with its own broad doorstep, on which sandy *espadrilles* lay about drying. The upper rooms were reached by steep narrow staircases. At the top of one of these, in a set of tiny rooms much resembling bathing-boxes, we were lodged. Quarters so primitive rather dismayed us at first. The roofs were low; the wall-papers were hideous; the boards were bare, though snowy-white, and with their island bits of carpet were kept liberally sanded by the wind. (At Langrune everything is sandy.) The scanty furniture was old and odd, of that seaside species that is equally unwilling to open or to shut. And the beds? The beds were comfort itself. Roomy, downy, spotlessly fresh and clean; no English lodging we had ever known could provide such bowers of dreamless ease as we found there. We had scarcely time to look round us before one urgent bell after another summoned us to the first of the two public events of the day—*déjeuner*. From the beach, from the garden, from lower rooms opening off the court, from upper rooms opening off a long wooden balcony (now gay with *peignoirs* and bathing-dresses, hung to dry in the sun and wind), people came trooping across the deep sands of the court, into the dining-room, vast and beautiful, which we had so often pictured to ourselves. It proved to be the flimsiest of long dinner-boxes. On one side three doorways gave access from the court, and air; on the wall opposite were pinned two gaudy poster ad-

vertisements of bicycles. At one end a window looked across the promenade to the glittering sea, and at the other sliding panels communicated with the kitchen. We had eaten but by snatches for the last twenty-four hours, with our loins girt, and in more or less haste; and the satisfaction with which we now sat down to a restful meal, was at first damped by the *menu*. Alas! this was Friday. We had hunger—and, behold! a dish of cockles, swimming in a strange liquor, daunting us at the outset. Then *flageolets*, then cheese, then, as we despaired, beefsteak, on which we were thankful to stay our emptiness. Cider flowed *ad lib.*, and fruit was plentifully provided—pears, peaches, grapes, and gages.

After *déjeuner* weariness asserted itself with most of us. The rolling of the steamer still seemed to sway our tired brains, we were far from everything known and restful (being still ignorant of the comfort in store for us in bed); a glare of light reigned without, and closed windows did not exclude the merry clamours of the shore, where the French laughed and jabbered, and flew kites, or played meaningless games of croquet; they seemed a hollow nation; we were too tired to go back that day, as homesick nature prompted, but to-morrow, perhaps.

By to-morrow we were acclimatised, and our thoughts had incontinently veered to the idea of buying a house and coming annually. Everything was interesting, most things delightful. The pure, warm wind lulled every nerve to rest. Law-courts, class-rooms, shopping, house-keeping, faded from memory as if we had never known them. We elders became to each other what the Langrunnais called us, simply Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle; while our schoolboys major, minor, and minimus, were known as Le Grand Monsieur, Monsieur Jean, and Le Petit. We flew instinctively to the smiling Veuve Lemoine, whose bright eyes had marked us for her prey as we passed her door yesterday, and who made haste to outfit us for the sea. And how delightful the sea was! Big, crystal waves rolling in at high tide over half a mile of sun-warmed sands, carrying you in on their crests like a bit of seaweed, and knocking you down with invigorating playfulness as you turned to wade out again for another glorious swim. Often a porpoise would come harmlessly tumbling shorewards, perhaps to have a nearer look at the dancing family circles who disported themselves in the shallow water, or to mockingly imitate, it almost seemed, in his harmless humour, the bolder swimmers who dived, and rose, and disappeared, farther out, beside the anchored boats.

Then, when we must at last come out, there was a search for the *peignoirs*, which

perhaps a sportive wave had reached and floated off the sand, a scampering race up the sea-washed steps across the promenade, inside the rusty gateway of our courtyard, and over its drifted sands, up the rickety staircase, to dress in our tiny rooms, where good Marie had always placed in waiting cleansing foot-baths of hot water.

Marie was the good genius of our happy days—quite, we all agree, the most wonderful woman we have ever known. She was major-domo, chambermaid, head waitress, confidante, and general adviser in one. A neat, little, bent figure, ubiquitous and untiring, with wiry brown hair under a frilled cap, a loud voice, a charming smile, and a quick, kind soul. From dawn to night she ran about, responding instantly with a piercing "Voilà!" "Ici!" "Me voici!" from some upper window or one of the many doorways, at the front or back of the warren-like building. There were no bells; everyone who wanted anything simply shouted "Marie!" from door or window. Every order was received with a ready "Bien!" "Beau!" And even while you spoke with her, some distant summons would elicit an ear-



A NORMANDY COTTAGE

splitting, explosive shriek of "Ici!" "Voilà!" as she flew to the next caller, yet managed to satisfy your demands *en route*. She not only praised our French, she paid the far higher compliment of understanding it, and did not smile with more than obedient comprehension.

when Monsieur told her that, as the morning was so fine, he wished his coffee "sur l'arbre."

It was in the vast and beautiful dining-room, however, that Marie excelled herself. When

dinner-bags, stuffing themselves silently. That the *cuisine*, even of this out-of-the-way country hotel should be so artistically good as it was, explained, if it did not justify, the importance with which it was regarded. The *menu* was always ample and varied; but when any particular achievement was in hand, the cook would confide his scheme to appreciative clients, and Mons. Bertrand look in, white-capped and beaming, in the pauses of his arduous managing behind scenes, at each of the three *tables d'hôte* (for our vast and beautiful *salle* only held two-thirds of the *pensionnaires*), to see how his great turbot or iced *café bombe* was received. How he could *jeter* us as he did for the sum of six francs a day, *tout compris*, is a riddle for English hotel-keepers.



WINDMILL IN NORMANDY.

we were all seated, she flew round the narrow passage behind our chairs, and through six long courses kept well in hand the service of from forty to fifty people, pecking sharply at the incompetence of Emile, the *garçon*, in passing. He bore up so far, but we were told that he was the third of his kind in a fortnight.

We had been so fortunate as to find five or six compatriots in the Petit Paradis before us—an English family, who had, like ourselves, preferred the life of a thoroughly French hotel; and a schoolmaster abroad, who had almost reached the end of a long vacation here, and whose popularity with the whole community was a valuable passport for his countrymen. Otherwise the *pensionnaires* were French of the French. Chiefly *bourgeois* families from inland towns, two groups of Parisians among them, being distinctly of a better class. They were almost all eager to make acquaintance, and full of the little courtesies in which their nation excels (though as racially unrefined, in other ways, according to our notions). Then how amusing they were! As good as a play to us all day long. So vivacious over trifles, so naïvely intent on the joys of the table; an old grand-papa, very like a walrus, absolutely lowed with delight when any special dainty appeared, and, calling Marie to him, with trembling hands deliberately picked out all the best portions. One fat family, with porcine faces and short thick necks, sat like a row of

Imperceptibly the days slipped past. Wakened from dreamless sleep by the sun illumining our white cotton curtains, or by the splash of the incoming tide, or the musical "Prut!" of his tin horn who sold yesterday's "Petit Journal" on the promenade, we broke fast on the delicious coffee, with bread-and-butter worthy of it, which Marie brought to every room, unless, indeed, you preferred to have it in the garden under the sunlit green branches of the acacias. Then, soon or late, came bathing, with a sequent hunger

so vast we learned to take *déjeuner* as seriously as any Frenchman could. Then long hours of lazing on the shore, watching at ease the humours of the beach. *Messieurs les baigneurs*, as the summer inhabitants of the seaside resorts are called, rent numberless little boxes ranged on the promenades or at the edge of the sand-dunes. These they furnish with chairs and tables, and live in or in front of them all day long. Mamma and her friends visit each other, and talk and crochet. Papa flies a kite, or plants his croquet set on some inviting stretch of hard sand, and plays with the older children by the hour; or, when the sea has receded almost out of sight, they go a-prawning in the low-tide pools. Meantime the little ones dig or wade, or make sand-pies shaped in dainty little tin moulds sold in the toy-shops for the purpose. Always there is noise—talking, laughing, screaming in all keys—from the stout *bonne's* remonstrance if the little waders wet their clothes, to the angry *hurlements* of pig-tailed girls and knickerbockered boys disputing over interminable games of croquet. To us, reclined in some deserted sand-castle, playing with the fossils, which are too numerous and too perfect to excite research, all these energetic clamours serve as lullabies, and as likely as not, borne on the soft wind, they croon us to sleep before the sun's decreasing height indicates English afternoon tea-time. Then Le Petit leaves the sand garden with its groves of cabbage palms, whose hemlock stems and skate's-

egg foliage have been gathered from among the treasures of the tide-mark, and which has been studied and—oh, sweetest flattery!—humbly imitated by a solitary little four-year-old girl, whose mother sits sewing near. *Her* skates'-egg trees are so helplessly wobbly that Le Petit, before leaving his to be effaced by the next tide, impulsively uproots his finest specimens and transplants them to her enclosure. This accomplished, we all repair to the largest of our bedrooms to enjoy our national meal (spread on a newspaper, on a table so rickety that it has to be cautiously approached). Our bread-and-butter and milk are reserved from breakfast, and of tea we have brought more than enough with us.

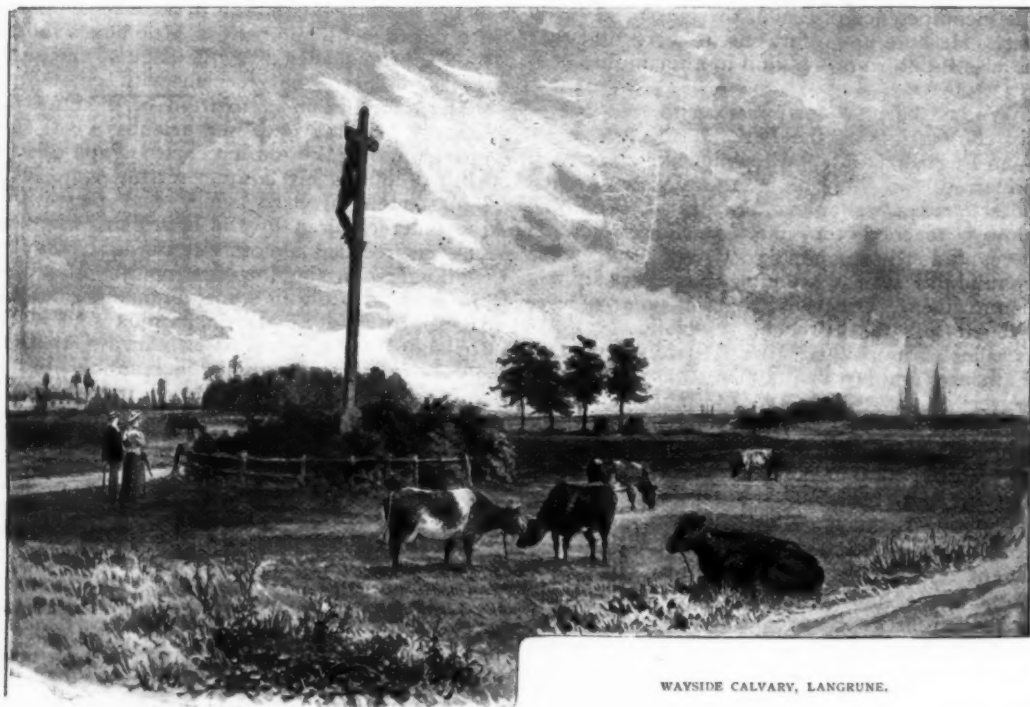
Having determined not to sacrifice the rest of our holiday to sight-seeing, we seldom made longer expeditions than could be accomplished in the cool hours of the afternoon—sometimes walking or going by train for a few miles along the coast to Bernières, a prettily wooded village guiltless of a casino, and whose few streets and farms were gathered round a great and beautiful church. Here we used to saunter about, sketching little bits of the wealth of carving within and without the church itself, or choosing some more distant view of its long red roof, seen through the trees round about it. Or else we drew a group of washerwomen, chattering as they scrubbed and beat their linen, by a poplar-fringed pond; or, on the beach, the portly tenor who, dressed as a *chef*, sang operatically in front of the bathing

cabines as he sold *guimauve* (toffy) from a tray slung in front of him.

Bernières keeps itself inland, somewhat aloof from the sea; but several villas are built on the dunes, and in the garden of one of them a high hedge of maize rustled dryly in the sea-breeze, and three crudely green parrots sunned themselves on highly ornamental perches and made shrill remarks in French.

Clumps of blue sea-thistle make pools of colour in the hollows of the sandhills, and the unembanked single line of rails is not only grass-grown but flower-grown, so gaily have the scarlet poppies and yellow rattle and bind-weed claimed it for their own.

Once we went a longer journey in the other direction from Langrune—a sixpenny fare it was, I think—on the airy upper deck of the hot third-class carriage, to the inland shrine of Notre Dame de la Délivrance, which was all *en fête*, celebrating the coronation of the Virgin. How hot it was! And how happy all the holiday-makers were! The houses were decked with hundreds of banners, many of them displaying coloured prints of the Della Sedia and other famous pictures of the Madonna. Booths for trinkets, pictures, candles, shrines, rosaries, and other so-called articles of religion, drove a roaring trade; the streets were wreathed across with ivy, yew, and rowan-berries, and strings of Japanese lanterns ready for lighting. Within the handsome, quite modern church the famous statue was gorgeously dressed in cloth of gold, and wore a crown richer than usual for the occasion. Tradition and the bas-reliefs



WAYSIDE CALVARY, LANGRUNE.

above the doorways set forth how the image was long ago unearthed in a neighbouring field by a pious sheep, whose persistent scraping attracted the shepherds. It is of wood, almost black from age, with an expression so pagan as to prepare you for the antiquary's theory that it really represents the goddess Latona, and is a relic of the old Roman occupation.

We waited to see the procession leave the church, headed by many clergy and a fine gold-and-silver bishop, smiling benevolently on the little ones who were held up for a blessing from his outstretched hands. Then we strolled back to the station, and waited under the trees on the platform for the leisurely train from Caen.

Letters came in in the last half-hour before dinner, to be read and discussed as we leaned against the railings, or sat on the low stone walls of the *plage*. If there were none, we amused ourselves in watching the pleasure parties on the sands breaking up, perhaps driven from their croquet pitches by the rushing tide. Sometimes, if time served, Monsieur was fain to secure another bathe, and might be seen flying over the sands, like a risen saint, wrapped in his white Turkish *peignoir*, urged on by a seasonable fear of being late for the soup. It was then, too, that our home newspaper used to arrive, and be read and lent to our English friends. What we should have done without it, we could not guess, the French papers being destitute of any news of general importance. As six o'clock drew near, the crowd of returning shrimpers, croquet-players, kite-flyers, streamed along the *plage*, to prepare for the important business of dinner. The wading nun returned to the care of the little old lady whose nurse-companion she seemed to be, the Parisian singer and her nice mother, the bald and amiable art-critic, the gentleman with the poodle, the stout matron from Rouen and her spectacled husband, little Lucie, Lucie's aunt and uncle, Mons. Gaston, who used to write out the bills and *menus* under the trees in the garden; Mons. Lebrun, who hired out bicycles; a greedy boy called George, and a well-bred boy whose name sounded something like Vitriol—these and all the rest of us crowded into the *salle à manger*, to do hearty justice to Mons. Bertrand's dinner. The bill of fare one day, I remember, included such good things as vermicelli soup, turbot, *cantaloup*, veal with mushrooms, cauliflowers, roast goose, and—on a hot August evening—blazing plum-pudding! This last was, of course, complimentary to us English; and the rest looked on with interest to see us batten upon our favourite food. For our national credit, in common gratitude, it was necessary to make an effort, but it was an effort. Not so great, certainly, as that called for on another occasion, when expectant excitement on the part of the French heralded the advent of a dish of great snails dressed *au naturel*, and Marie, who offered them, was followed by Emile carrying a well-equipped pin-cushion. Over what followed let us draw a veil.

Twilight was falling when, dinner ended, we wandered out into the sandy courtyard in twos and threes, or adjourned for coffee to the garden. One evening somebody suggested cricket, and every Briton was enlisted forthwith. Croquet-mallets were used as bats, till we dared not risk breaking any more, when they had to be rudely fashioned out of odd lengths of wood. A real ball was forthcoming, as also proper flannels. Our six-foot Grand Monsieur made lofty catches, our ladies fielded, our scores rose emulously, while the unfamiliar battle-cries of "Charterhouse!" and "Blair-lodge!" rent the air of Calvados, without conveying any meaning to the ears of our Norman conquerors.

When it got too dark to play any longer, it was time for long, delightful walks before going to bed.

Sometimes Luc, or St. Aubin, our fashionable neighbours on either hand, were, one or the other, *en fête*, and we went to see—"to assist," as the kindly phrase is, at their fireworks and illuminations. If the *fête* was grander than usual, we might find music going on, showers of coloured paper confetti flung to and fro, booths of marionettes, and huge merry-go-rounds in full swing. The last were immensely popular.

Patient groups were always waiting their turn; and one old lady was, we thought, not only extravagant, but selfish, who calmly kept possession, turn after turn, of the spotted elephant on which she was mounted, shaking her white cap and pressing her grave moustached lips tighter in determined refusal when anyone came forward to beg for her place.

The fireworks generally ended with a *Retraite des Lanternes*, at which *messieurs les baigneurs* had been prayed earlier in the day to assist. These processions were wonderfully beautiful, as they wound along the dark *plage*, like a long moving bed of tulips of every colour, glowing with light.

As beautiful in a different way was it to watch the fireworks from the deserted beach at Langrune—single rockets soaring and melting, starlike, in the still rosy sunset sky; coloured lights flaring like terrestrial Auroras, or, best of all, a glorious bouquet of rockets of all kinds and colours fitly closing the display of the evening.

Everyone went early to bed in our village, lulled by the strong air to such sleepiness that we were glad at nine o'clock to clamber our steep little staircase, whose flickering night-light, floating in a tumbler, the ranging winds had often rushed up to extinguish, leaving us to find our way in the dark, and grope for the spluttering sulphur matches on which we depended for light. So to bed—to sleep, as nurses say, without rocking.

The weather during the three weeks of our stay was sometimes showery, and latterly, of an evening, cold. Before we left, the gay garden of the Petit Paradis was getting a little weather-beaten; the glory of the Plantagenet's

bush was passing over, and dry leaves were beginning to fall on the tables of the garden *café*. The bathing, too, showed signs of becoming less perfect, as after a storm the shore was heaped with sea-weed, the farmers' harvest of *varech*.

These things made it a little easier to go home, and yet we left the scene of our delightful holiday with great reluctance. It has not been possible in so short an account of it to speak of half the pleasures we experienced. I have not even mentioned the great fourteenth-century church of Langrune, so beautiful in itself, so quiet and holy a place, always open for prayer. The old Triton, who bathed the timid; the naphtha-lit stall where hot *guimauve* was sold at night; the curious old metal work to be found everywhere, from the finely flowered handles on our chests of drawers, to the dragon-vanes on the farmhouses; the lace-makers; the fat ladies who could not run fast enough to raise their kites, yet persevered; the procession to bless the sea, headed by the good old *curé*, whose saintly face was in itself a benediction; the red-tiled room wherein the village barber practised, and the gilt-wire *château*, adorned with a china clock, in which his canaries lived; the cook who not only knew and could say "Good-morning," but was always willing to cook any quantity, however small, of prawns; the yellow hollyhock at the washer-woman's door; the curiosity shop; the post-woman's little girl, who, though she had but four years, could name the six parts of the world (one, it would appear, is *Algérie*); the Havre light, shining out intermittently at dusk across the wide bay of the Seine, like a captive meteor struggling to flash away and escape: the picture-book of memory has many more such leaves than there is time to turn over. Suffice it to say that we six found our family holiday in Normandy an entire success.

For the practical reader I add a few notes regarding ways and means. Our journey from and to London (second class, train and cabin) cost less than nine guineas. We had arranged for *pension* at six francs a day each (except Le Petit, who was only charged four); for this we had everything we required, and our bills did not contain a single "extra." We found on inquiry that so large a party making some little stay might by pre-arrangement secure *pension* at ours and many of the other less pretentious hotels in the neighbouring villages, for five or five and a half francs a day, *tout compris*. (These words it is as well to use in contracting.)

We had been warned the water was bad, though clear to the eye; and as it was drawn for all purposes from a well in the midst of an unclean farmyard, we were careful to boil all we used, and learned very soon to like the unlimited supply of cider which took its place at table. This cider tastes like the lightest of lager-beer, and is considered remarkably wholesome. It came in huge *tonneaux* from the hotel-proprietor's orchards, and was not to be confounded with bottled cider, the sparkling *Mousseux*, which resembles champagne. Drains and water-supplies, we were told—indeed, all sanitary arrangements—we should find non-existent. So it proved. "Figure to yourself," Marie would say, when she came panting upstairs with a brimming pitcher, and stood a moment to take breath, "each drop one must carry all the way through the garden, and along the street from the yard. Madame has seen it? But yes, it is frightful, is it not?" Thinking of this, and the seventy people, more or less, whose wants must be supplied, we were as careful as we could be of our daily allowance, accepting with travellers' philosophy the customs of the country.

For those who are familiar with French ways it might be less expensive to take one of the many furnished lodgings in these coast resorts, and hire a *femme de ménage* capable of housework and able to cook both *déjeuners*, the little and the great. Dinner could be had for 3 francs, or 3½ francs, at an hotel. I am told this is an economical plan, but the amount of small arrangements it involves must make it less of a housekeeper's holiday than is *pension* life in a hotel. You lose also the varied amusement of society, and (a real loss) the inevitable and invaluable French conversation lessons the *table d'hôte* provides for you gratis.

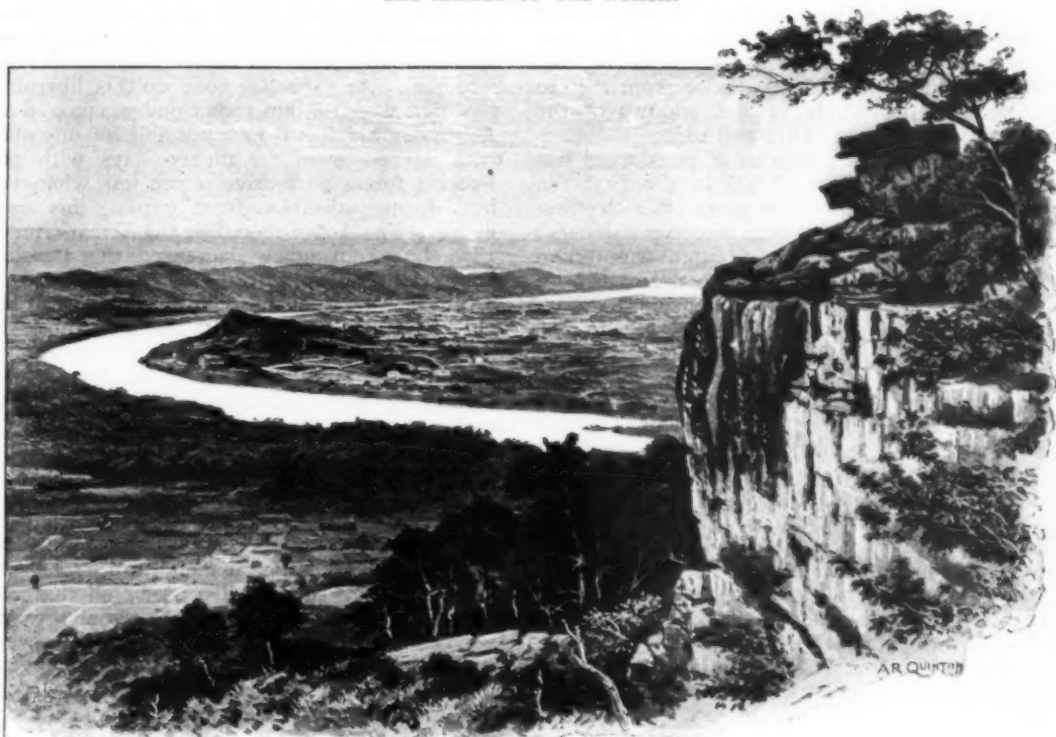
It is wise to take as large a purse for sundries as possible, as, even when expeditions are few, many small occasions of expense are sure to arise in the course of the day among a large party. (One charge, and one only, we found exorbitant, and that was our laundry bill.)

But even with a comfortable margin for pocket-money, the cost of such a holiday is, as I have said, little, and the pleasure great. We returned home completely refreshed, all old worries effaced from our minds, leaving them as clear as an unwritten sheet, ready for a fresh beginning of autumn work. It was difficult to believe that our invigorated, sun-burnt party had not been making a year-long voyage round the world, but only spending three weeks by the sea in Normandy.



WHAT THE WAR HAS LEFT IN AMERICA.

THE ARMIES OF THE NORTH.



POINT LOOKOUT, CHATTANOOGA, AND THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

A PROTRACTED stay in the United States is necessary to an understanding of the numerous and varied ways in which the political, official, and social life of the country is still affected by the great war of thirty years ago. A holiday visitor who moves from one city to another, if he is travelling in the Southern, the Middle, or the New England States, meets with many reminders of the war. All the cities have their war monuments, and in the South, where the fighting took place, passing glimpses of the national cemeteries are sometimes obtained from the railway train. But more than these reminders are necessary to a full realisation of what has been left by the war; and it is only when moving about among the people, and constantly reading the newspapers, that a sojourner in the United States comes to realise to how great an extent the four years' conflict between the North and the South is still affecting the politics, the legislation, the literature, and the social life of the American people.

The most impressive feature is the magnificently generous provision of pensions, veterans'

privileges, and Soldiers' Homes which the Federal Government and the State Legislatures have made for the men who fought for the Union. Pensions are paid exclusively by the Federal Government; but as concerns the establishment of Soldiers' Homes, and the granting of special privileges to the veterans, the State Legislatures have done as much for the soldiers of the war as Congress.

Early in the war, as soon as the desperate nature of the struggle was realised, the National Government offered pensions to volunteers; and right royally, even prodigally, has this promise, made in time of stress, been fulfilled. No Government ever treated its soldiers more liberally. While the war lasted, private soldiers were paid at the rate of two shillings a day, and, in one way and another, every soldier in the Federal service cost the Government £200 a year. The war began with the firing on Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861. By July 14, 1862, Congress had passed the first Act providing pensions for the Union soldiers. Since 1862 scores of Pension Acts have been passed by Congress; and to-day the United States has nearly a million war pensioners,

Pensioners of
the North.

costing it £30,000,000 a year. As a little over two million men were with the Federal colours between 1861 and 1865, these figures would seem to suggest that every other man who shouldered a rifle in defence of the Union had become a pensioner. This is not quite so. The 970,000 pensioners on the roll in 1895 included not only those of the war of the Rebellion, and their dependent survivors; but also the survivors and the widows of the war with England in 1812, of the war with Mexico from 1846 to 1848, and the survivors and widows of the Indian wars between 1832 and 1842.

Enormous as the number of pensioners has now become, it grew slowly in the first ten years after the war. Ten years after the first Pension Act there were only 26,000 pensioners; but in 1879, when the pension agent was abroad in the land, busily engaged in drumming up claims, Congress passed the Pensions Arrears Act. Under this measure, soldiers who had become invalids could claim arrears of pension from the date of their incapacity for work. This in 1879 meant a gift of nearly £200 to every soldier who made good his claim to a full pension, as well as a regular payment of £8 or £10 a month as long as he lives. The new Act caused the pension agent to scour America and Europe in search of claimants for pensions, and in the year it was passed claims were filed at a rate of 10,000 a month. In the previous year the average had been 1,600 a month; and in no year from 1862 to 1879 had the total amount paid in pensions exceeded \$33,000,000 a year. The increase in the number of claimants, in the pensions granted, and in the cost of pensions, went on henceforward at an extra-

ordinary rate, until in 1895 over \$140,000,000 were disbursed in pensions, and the number of pensioners who have drawn on the United States Treasury between 1862 and 1895 reached 1,500,000, involving an aggregate expenditure during the thirty-three years of £371,647,000.

From the first all the Pension Acts have been conceived in a most liberal spirit, and have been so administered by the Pension Commissioners that no soldier who had any real claim met with a refusal. As time has gone on this liberality has increased, until in 1890 Congress passed an Act under which it is now possible for any man who served even for ninety days with the Federal forces to receive a pension, whenever he becomes disabled from earning his own living. The Act of 1890, like the Arrears Act of 1879, has enormously increased the Pension Roll. Under its provisions every man who was in the service may become a pensioner. He may never have been in an engagement or in active service. All that is necessary is that he should have been on the Army or Navy Rolls for three months. The result of the new law was soon apparent. In 1889 there were 81,000 applications for pensions. In 1891 there were 363,700, and of these applications 156,000 were granted.

Before the Act of 1890, the pension expenditure for the year stood at \$89,000,000. The year following, the expenditure rose to \$118,000,000. It was then predicted that the pensions expenditure would soon reach \$200,000,000 a year. After 1893, however, there was a falling-off in the number of applications. For that year they numbered 39,000, a smaller number than in any year since 1885,



MAP SHOWING THE DIVISION OF THE STATES AT THE TIME OF THE WAR.

and since 1893, when \$158,000,000 was required to meet pension charges, there has been a slight reduction in the total amount. In 1894 and 1895 the sum expended was \$140,000,000. For 1896 the appropriation made by Congress was \$141,000,000. Out of this sum no less than \$800,000 were set aside for surgeon's examination fees. In 1895 the average annual value of each pension was £27.

Judging from the experience of the Revolutionary War, the twentieth century will be nearing its close before the United States is free of the pensions of the war of the Rebellion. Pensions are continued to widows on the death of pensioners, and in many cases it is notorious that very young women marry old pensioners with the expectation of obtaining a pension.

Men who fought in the Southern armies do not, of course, receive pensions from the Federal Government, and the lavish way in which men who were of the Northern armies are pensioned has been a grievance with the South since the war. In the North also there has been much opposition to the pension laws, especially to those of 1879 and 1890. For twenty years past, however, the soldiers' vote has been an object of great concern to the Republican party, and when that party has been in power, it has always been prodigal in the bestowal of pensions. There have been only two Democratic Presidents since the war, in 1884-88 and in 1892-96. The Republicans were in office when the Acts of 1879 and 1890 were passed. Each was regarded as a bid for what is known in the United States as the Grand Army vote. The Grand Army is a fraternal organisation of Union soldiers established in 1866. It has now a membership of 360,000, and for many years past the political wire-pullers have used this great organisation as a means of pressing pension legislation through Congress and securing other advantages for the veterans. With the Republican party the pension system has been turned to account in two ways. It has afforded the party an opportunity of making sure of the soldiers' vote, and the enormous demand for money for pensions has helped it to keep up the protective system to which the Republican party is pledged. Nearly forty per cent. of the total expenditure of the Federal Government goes in pensions.

One seldom hears any opposition to pensions for veterans who are actually in need. The opposition is directed against pensions to men who are well-to-do, and against the indiscriminate way in which pensions are continued to soldiers' widows. Among the pensioners there is a very large number of men who are well-to-do. In the State of Michigan there is, at the time of writing, a judge of one of the State superior courts who is in receipt of a pension; and last year I crossed the Atlantic in company with a war pensioner who is a large employer of labour in Philadelphia, and who was then on a journey half round the world with a party of Cook's tourists. My shipmate's

pension was for partial disablement, and was due to the loss of a finger. He made no secret of the fact that, notwithstanding years of prosperity, he still took his pension, and from what he told me similar cases of abuse are by no means uncommon.

Soldiers'
Homes.

Homes for United States soldiers were in existence before the war.

The first of them was founded out of a sum of £20,000 which was part of the indemnity paid by Mexico after the war of 1846.



NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME AT WASHINGTON.

It was established in a beautiful park three miles from the capital, and now forms one of the show places of Washington. The buildings afford accommodation for 700 men, and room is always found for every soldier who has served twenty years with the permanent United States Army, for every soldier who "by reason of disease or wounds incurred in the service and in the line of duty is incapable of rendering further military service," and for every invalided and disabled veteran of the war who cares to make his home at Washington.

Over 9,000 soldiers have been inmates of the home since it was established. Most of them were veterans of the war. The inmates wear a blue uniform like that of the Union soldiers of 1861-65, and also the distinguishing mark of their rank when in active service. The officials and inmates are governed by the Articles of War, "designed to protect the good and restrain the bad"; but within these rules much individual freedom is possible, and the Washington Home, with its beautiful surroundings, serves as a most desirable haven for those soldiers of the war who in their old age are without home ties and alone in the world.

In addition to the Washington Home, Soldiers'



THE VETERANS' HOME, YOUNTVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Homes are maintained by the Federal Government at Dayton, in the State of Ohio; at Milwaukee, in Wisconsin; at Togus, Maine; at Hampton, Virginia; at Leavenworth, Kansas; at Pacific, California; and at Marion, Indiana. These homes, thus scattered about the country from Maine to California, are for veterans of the War of the Rebellion exclusively. All that is necessary to admission is that the applicant should have served in the army and been honourably discharged, and that he should be suffering from some disability which prevents him from earning his own livelihood. Any old soldier whose case meets these conditions is sure of a refuge in any one of these seven homes, provided his pension is less than £3 10s. a month, and that he will undertake to conform to the rules by which the homes are governed.

The average age of the inmates of these homes is fifty-nine. The greater number of the veterans who have found shelter in them are of foreign birth. More than 73,000 soldiers have passed through these homes since they were first established in 1867. Since that year, notwithstanding the fact that two of these homes were given to the nation, the Government has expended £8,000,000 in building and maintaining the homes. This sum is exclusive of the amount paid in pensions to the inmates. All of them are pensioners.

Nor does the sum thus expended between 1867 and 1895 represent all the money Congress has appropriated for Soldiers' Homes. No fewer than twenty of the States north of Mason and Dixon's line now maintain Soldiers' Homes, and to these institutions, built by the States, Congress each year makes a grant of £20 in respect of every inmate. The largest of the State homes are those of Illinois, New York, and Ohio. Each of these has accommodation for 1,500 men. Nearly 10,000 veterans now make their homes in these State institutions. Most of the institutions date no farther back than 1881, and form some of the rewards which individual

States have conferred upon those of their citizens who served the Union in the Sixties. All these State homes are built amid beautiful natural surroundings. Some of them, like the home at Bath, in the State of New York, and at Yountville, California, are in the most picturesque part of the State. At present these homes are costing the Federal Government nearly 1,000,000 dollars a year, in addition to the annual appropriations which each State makes for the maintenance of its home. It is often a boast with Americans that no man who fought in the war for the North need ever be dependent upon private charity, become a burden to his friends, or seek refuge in the poor-house. In view of the £30,000,000 now annually expended in pensions, and of the existence of these twenty-eight national and State Soldiers' Homes, it would seem that there is good ground for this claim as to the gratitude of the nation towards all who rendered it aid in its time of need.

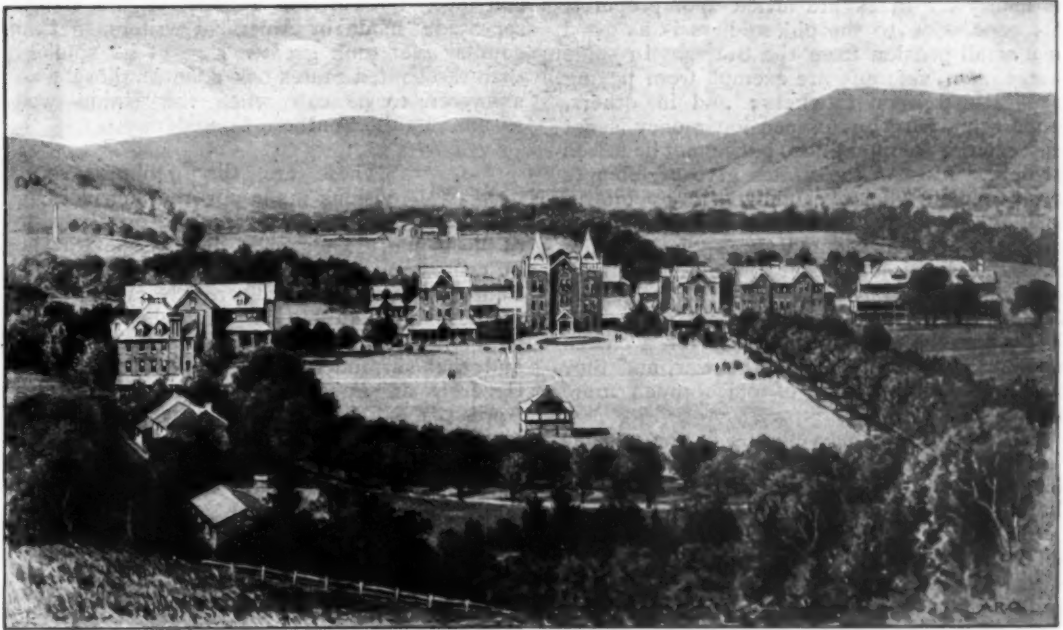
So far nothing has been said concerning the privileges accorded to old soldiers by the Federal and State Governments. These are numerous; many of them are of great value. One of the earliest privileges given to soldiers by the Federal Government was in connection with the homestead laws. The public lands in various parts of the country were bestowed on easy terms on soldiers, and thousands of the men who were discharged when the war came to an end began life anew on farms carved out of the public lands, and bestowed upon them under the military provisions of the homestead laws.

Another privilege gives Union soldiers the preference among applicants for Federal offices. Thousands of the clerks at Washington are men who served with the United States forces during the war. They are always given the preference among candidates for office and

Privileges of
old Soldiers.

Government work, and until the Federal Civil Service was reformed it was by no means an uncommon occurrence for the head of a depart-

of the idea that, in return for what they did in those years, the nation owes them a living. Of the 6,000 women of all ages who are at work



NEW YORK STATE SOLDIERS HOME, BATH.

ment to discharge a clerk or a messenger who was without a war record, with the simple explanation that the place he held was needed by a deserving old soldier. As a consequence of

as clerks in the State departments at Washington, a large proportion owe their appointment to the preference which is always given to widows and daughters of soldiers.



COTTAGES OF WISCONSIN STATE SOLDIERS HOME, WAUPACA.

these preferences and of the pension laws, many of the men who were in the army for longer or shorter periods between 1861 and 1865 are full

The State Governments have also vied with each other during the last twenty-five years in bestowing privileges on the soldiers. In most

of the Northern States the veterans are given special advantages in the assessment of taxes. In some of them they pay no taxes at all unless their property exceeds £200 or £300 in value. As nearly all taxes are levied upon property, this concession to the old soldiers is as good as a small pension from the States. In some States also veterans are exempt from paying taxes levied upon hawkers; and in others, property paid for out of pension money is not only exempt from taxation, but cannot be seized for debt. Most of the States give preferences to old soldiers who are candidates for appointive positions in the public service. In New York a veteran who has secured an appointive office cannot be dismissed except for "incompetency and conduct inconsistent with the position." The State laws make it easier for a veteran to obtain a public position than it is for a citizen who had no active share in the war, and they also make his tenure of office much more secure.

The friends of the veterans in the various State Legislatures of recent years have endeavoured to add to these privileges. In 1895 they pushed through the Massachusetts State Legislature a bill which would virtually have abolished the Civil Service system in the interest of the old soldiers. In the State Legislatures, as among the Republicans in the National Congress at Washington, no member cares to put himself in opposition to the soldiers' vote, and as a consequence the Veterans Preference Bill was carried through both Houses of the Massachusetts Legislature, and the Civil Service system was saved only by the veto of the Governor. Had the bill passed, it would have been possible for the veterans to have possessed themselves of the State offices; for it would have left the officers making the appointments with scarcely any discretion whenever a veteran candidate appeared on the scene. Under its provisions a veteran needed only to submit his sworn statement that he was qualified to perform the duties of the position which he sought, accompanied by certificates from three citizens of good repute in the community that they knew him to be fully competent, and the appointing officer would have been obliged to give him the place, without any other evidence of his qualifications. As it is, in Massachusetts, as in other States which give preferences to veterans, there is no age limit applicable to candidates for Civil Service clerkships. A veteran of the war can be placed on the qualified list without any examination, and once on the list he enjoys the preference over all other candidates equally qualified. Since Massachusetts reformed its Civil Service in 1885, twenty-seven per cent. of all the appointments made by the State, the county, and the municipal authorities have gone under the preference laws to men who served in the army of the Union.

Many Civil Servants appointed under the preference laws are in receipt of Federal pensions; so that in one way and another these veterans are well rewarded for the risks they en-

countered on the Southern battlefields in behalf of the Union. A survey of the pension laws, the Soldiers' Homes, and the privileges accorded by the State and Federal Governments fully convinces one of the validity of the claim, repeatedly made by American writers, that no country ever took greater care of its soldiers than the United States has done of those who answered to its call when the Union was assailed by the Southern Confederacy.

National Cemeteries. These are the generous provisions made for the survivors of the war who fought on the side of the Union. Those who died in the war lie in cemeteries laid out and maintained by the Federal Government. There are eighty-three of these national burying-grounds, in which, between the time of the firing on Fort Sumter and the surrender of Lee, the Confederate General, at Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865, there were laid at rest 330,700 victims of the war.

All these cemeteries are beautifully laid out and most carefully tended. The most beautiful, and the one in which lie the greatest number of identified dead, is that of Arlington Heights. It is within walking distance of the Soldiers' Home at Washington, overlooking the Potomac, and directly facing the Capitol. Arlington has been the scene of 16,565 interments. Of these, 12,216 were men whose names were known. Every individual grave is marked by a small tablet of granite or marble. Those of generals and other officers of high rank are marked by larger monuments; but no grave is without its headstone, and where the dead are known, each headstone is lettered with brief particulars concerning the military career of the deceased.

Washington was a hospital centre during the war. The Southern armies at one time threatened the capital city; but there was never any serious fighting within its limits. Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky were the great theatres of war, and in these States are to be found most of the national cemeteries. In Virginia there are seventeen, in Tennessee there are seven, in Kentucky there are six. Virginia was the scene of the most terrible fighting in the East; while Tennessee and Kentucky were the great battle-grounds in the West. Four national cemeteries were laid out in North Carolina, four in Louisiana, three in Mississippi, three in Maryland, two in South Carolina, two in Georgia, and two in the district of Columbia. In the North and North-Western States, four cemeteries were established in Illinois, three in Missouri, two in Indiana, one in Iowa, two in Pennsylvania, two in New York, and two in New Jersey.

Missouri and Pennsylvania are the only States in the North and West of the Mississippi in which there was any fighting. In Missouri there were several battles early in the war, which to-day have their monument in the picturesque cemetery amid the foothills of the Ozark Mountains. The battle of

Gettysburg, in which 107,000 men were engaged, and in which the dead numbered 53,000, was fought in Pennsylvania. The other Northern and Western States which have been named—New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa—are far removed from the scene of the fighting, and the national cemeteries in these States were established for the reception of the remains of the wounded who died in Federal hospitals, and also for the reception of the remains of Confederate prisoners who died while in Federal hands.

The great cemetery at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in the neighbourhood of which the battle of Chickamauga was fought, and that at Gettysburg, were the first established by the National Government. Gettysburg was dedicated while the war was still raging, and it was at the dedication service there that President Lincoln made the famous speech, which promises to last as long as the English language.

Lincoln's
Speech.

It had not been intended that Lincoln should be the orator of the day. That honour had been reserved for Edward Everett, one of America's greatest speakers. All that Lincoln had undertaken was to be present at Gettysburg and, as he expressed it, "to say something appropriate to the occasion." He made the notes for his speech while journeying from Washington by train, and "when the time came for him to deliver his address," to quote a contemporary account of the scene, "he rose, put on his spectacles, took a few sheets of note-paper from his pocket, and read the address in that manner of his which at first sight seemed almost ungainly, and became impressive as he proceeded with his speech. Comparatively few of the great throng present were able to hear it. Most of those who did were not specially impressed by the speech; but a few men realised that they had listened to an address which was sure to become a classic, and perhaps would be regarded as the most perfect example of English prose address ever produced by an American." Nearly a month passed before the country realised what a gem of oratory Mr. Lincoln's address was. It was so short that less than ten minutes were required for the reading of it, and being short it was published in almost every newspaper in the country. Lowell pronounced it in sublimity of thought, appropriateness of idea, solemnity of sentiment, and purity of English, the finest specimen of oratory, English or

American; and this view was reiterated by the English critics. Lincoln was astonished when he learned the opinion of the ablest men regarding the oration, and he could only explain the exalted view taken of it by saying that he had spoken as he had felt. Our readers will thank us for reproducing it here.

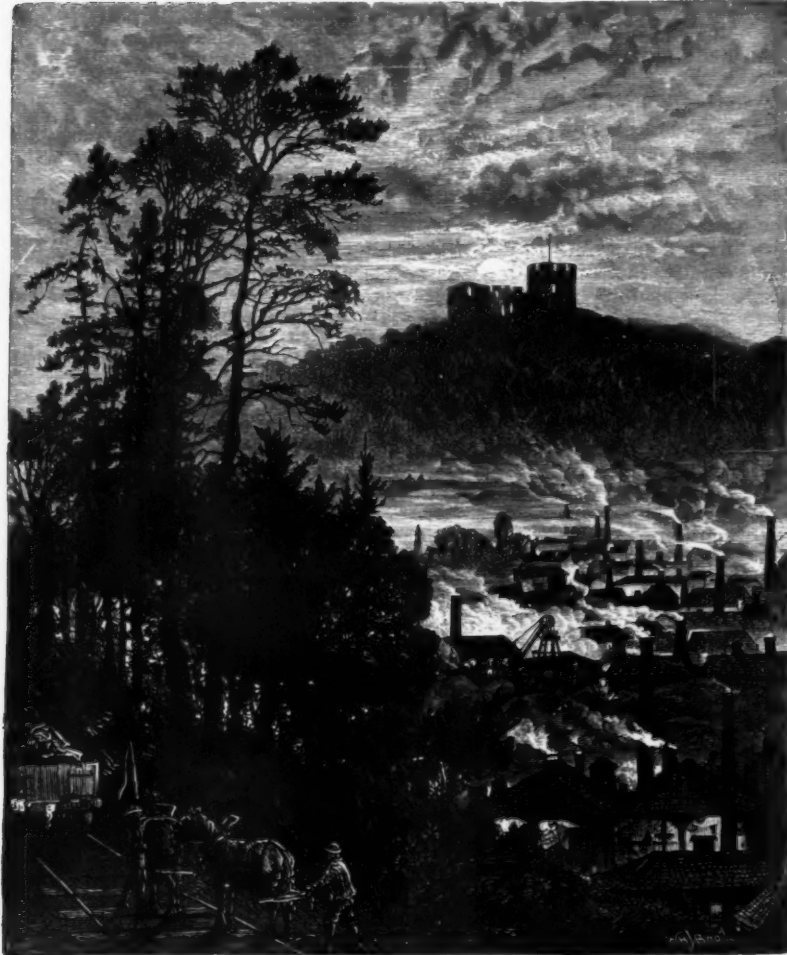
"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to have been here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The national cemeteries, the dedication of the first of which was made memorable by Lincoln's great oration, are now in the hands of a small army of gardeners. Large appropriations are made each year by Congress, and no other set of institutions under Federal management receives such constant, watchful care.

All that has been described so far applies only to the men who were of the armies of the North. The men who were of the Confederate forces receive no pensions from the Federal Government, no privileges are bestowed upon them at Washington, and the people of the South maintain their own war cemeteries without any help from the national Government. In some States, notably at Springfield, Missouri, the Union and the Confederate cemeteries lie side by side. The men who faced each other on the battle-fields of Missouri in 1861 and who fell in the conflict were laid at rest on the same hillside, and to-day the Union and the Confederate cemeteries are separated only by a wall. The grounds on one side are tended and cared for at the national expense; those on the other side are left to the care of the friends and sympathisers of the South.

MIDLAND SKETCHES.

DUDLEY AND STOURBRIDGE.



DUDLEY CASTLE.

WE have had no finer view of the Black Country than that from the keep of Dudley Castle. It was a gusty, dusty day, with pale, watery sky and swiftly drifting clouds; gloomy one minute, fine the next. Around us to the north, east, and south lay the Black Country, excellently well named, with its coal-pits, ironworks, and factories; chimneys by the score, some of them spouting steam, more of them pouring forth smoke, many of them smokeless and steamless, waiting for their turn to load the air; a town here and a town there, and between them little clusters of brick-built houses, some old and grey, some new and very red; spoil-banks of collieries; deserted engine-

houses, most of them on the lean; unused winding-wheels, broken and ropeless, showing where a pit had been worked out; and, among it all, patches of rich green grass and strips of woodland.

To the west, the chimneys fewer and fewer, until they are lost among the green hills, and all round the outer ring, save for the smoky haze that hangs over Birmingham, some of the most delightful sylvan scenery in England. It must have been a lovely country hereabouts before man began to mine it. Truly, the poor old Earth has suffered much.

We can see from the Black Mountains of the Wye country to the Derbyshire Hills, which is

a road journey of a hundred and twenty miles, and our panorama includes eighteen churches and extends over nine counties—Stafford, Worcester, Shropshire, Hereford, Radnor, Brecon, Warwick, Leicester, and Derby.

Northwards are Wolverhampton and Walsall, both recognisable by their churches, with Cannock Wood peering up between them, and the Derbyshire Peak country on the horizon beyond. Nearer are Bilston and Darlaston, with Wednesbury in front and Tipton close below. Farther round to the east is Barr Beacon, behind which, in the extreme distance, is Bardon Hill, near Leicester.

Due east is West Bromwich, with its beautiful Dartmouth Park between it and Birmingham, whose characteristic smoke-cloud there is no mistaking. To the south-east, nearer in, are the Rowley Hills; and more to the south are Frankley Beeches, with the Lickey over their western shoulder. South-west lie Brierley Hill and anchor-making Netherton, with its conspicuous church on the hill-top, and the coal-pits and clay-pits and patches of waste and islands of grass on hill and vale, amid which are Cradley and Lye, leading on to Stourbridge. Farther away are the Clent Hills, with the Malverns in the far distance, and ranging round to the west are the hills of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, and the Cleve Hills and the Wrekin. Between us and the Wrekin are Gornal and Sedgley, and between us and the Cleves are the Priory, close below, and Enville in the middle distance, having on our left Old Swinford and Stourbridge, with the Abberley Hills behind and the Black Mountains along the sky-line.

Truly a wonderful view; and, listen as we might, we could hear no sound of the busy industries around us. The silence was only broken by the occasional singing and twittering of the birds, when suddenly there rang out loud and clear the bell-like note of the cuckoo, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" It was the first time we heard that welcome call this year. Fancy coming to Dudley to hear the cuckoo! It may surprise those who have never been there and seen the curious intermingling of the rural and the industrial which prevails in this district of the Midlands. The Black Country is not all treeless. The next time the cuckoo called, we turned and caught sight of him as he flew across a glade in the wood near by.

The building that shows out best in the neighbourhood is Priory Hall, down in the meadows, where resides the Earl of Dudley's chief agent, close to it being the ruins of the old priory founded by Gervase Paganel in 1161, four hundred years and more after Dodo built the first castle on this hill. The ruins of the priory are in Worcestershire, but the farm buildings of the hall are in Staffordshire, the poverty of the ridge on which the town and castle stand accounting for the curious interlacement of the counties which is here observable. The parish of Dudley is an island of Worcestershire, Sedgley and Rowley, lying on

either side of it, being in Staffordshire, while next to Rowley is Oldbury, which until recently was in Shropshire, next to it being Smethwick in Staffordshire, followed by Birmingham in Warwickshire. Mr. Twamley has given a good reason for this embarrassing state of affairs. "The owners of land in the more fertile vales on each side of the ridge, as population increased and good land became scarce, would occupy different portions of the less fertile, and would attach them to the same counties in which their other possessions lay, where they rendered their feudal services. A landowner of Worcestershire would occupy the site of the town of Dudley, and hence it would be attached to and form part of that county; whilst another from Staffordshire would occupy Rowley, which would thus form part of that county."

Dudley. Dudley is not an attractive place at present, neither is the

more attractively named Dudley Port, which is a port of the canal and not of the sea, where the whiff is not of the briny but the porky, its most conspicuous manufacture being that of Cambridge sausages as supplied to the Midlands. Dudley has a canal system of its own for working its well-known limestone, three of the canals opening into a basin, coming in from under the hills for a mile or more through tunnels, tunnels so narrow that the boats have to be "legged" through them, two men lying back to back across each boat and pushing with their feet against the tunnel sides—which must be somewhat hard labour until they are used to it, for a boat with its cargo weighs thirty tons.

These canals and caverns are among the sights of Dudley, the caverns in the castle grounds being illuminated on great occasions, the grounds, which for all practical purposes are a public park, extending over seventy acres and forming a strip of varied woodland a mile in length. To the west of them lies Dudley, brick-built and monotonous, of the type of the Walworth Road, with a fair-sized marketplace and a pretentious drinking-fountain, and nothing remarkable in the way of buildings public or private; a busy, driving, everyday sort of place, amid ironworks and collieries, most of which belong to the earl who takes his title and much of his wealth from it.

The Ironworks. "His lordship," we are told, "mines his own coal and ironstone, procures the limestone from

his own quarries, and manufactures his own iron, thus ensuring an equality of production which under other circumstances it would be difficult, if not impossible, to guarantee. The same iron, so far as quality goes"—and it is the best in the South Staffordshire district—"can be procured now as twenty years ago or two years ago, and the purchaser has thus the certainty that he is using material which will under identical conditions be found equal to that which he has used and proved on former occasions. The Round Oak brands have thus

become a standard in the trade, and hold a position which enables his lordship's agents to influence the market in a manner which the mere amount of iron manufactured at Round Oak, large as that unquestionably is, would not of itself enable them to do. Hence the quotation for the 'Earl of Dudley's' is a ruling quotation in the market for marked bars, and the prices by which other brands are to a great extent estimated."

Lord Dudley makes no bad iron and no bad debts. All his iron and coal he sells for cash—a system of business which has many advantages. His collieries include about four hundred distinct pits, giving employment in one way or another to some five thousand work-people. To work these and his ironstone mines and limestone quarries he has eighty winding engines and a dozen pumping engines, and in connection with the collieries he has sixteen miles of railway, exclusive of sidings, worked by fifteen locomotives and seven hundred trucks.

The blast furnaces are near Dudley Port, and at them a good deal of casting is done as well as pig-iron produced. At Round Oak Works, out Brierley Hill way, there are eighteen engines at work, fully occupied, for there are forty-two single and six double puddling furnaces, besides ball furnaces and forges, and helves and four trains of rolls, two of which have an ingenious swing saw, which, besides sawing the iron square at the ends, draws it up on rollers direct from the train to the saw, and thence on to the straightening plate without any manual labour. There are seven hundred men and boys here, turning out seven hundred tons of finished iron a week, about a thousand tons being always kept in stock so as to be equal to the demand. Quite as interesting are the Castle Mill Works, out Tipton way. Here the engines and machinery are made and repaired in a complete engineering factory, with carpenters' and wheelwrights' shops and a saw-mill in addition, with everything required to keep so large a series of establishments in thorough working order.

There are other works in this country of coal and iron besides the Earl of Dudley's, one of the largest being Cochrane's, at Woodside, where many of our bridges have been made. Cochrane's also own their own collieries and ironstone mines, and they raise over a hundred thousand tons from them a year. Here not only bridges are made, but a crowd of miscellaneous things, among them the familiar pillar letter-boxes. The most interesting thing here is the pipe foundry, where pipes are turned out of all diameters and weights, varying up to four feet through and twelve feet long. Most of the pipes are cast vertically; some of them are cast on an inclined plane. A hundred tons of pipes can be turned out in a day, the orders running into large quantities, such as twenty-six miles of a yard and more in diameter. In the erecting-shop here, among much huge

machinery, there is a lathe which will turn a fly-wheel twenty-two feet in diameter; and another giant is a multiple drilling machine, which will drill 192 inch holes all at once.

Anchors and Chains.

Another important place in the district is Hingley's, at Netherton. From here the anchors and chain cables come, to which so many a good ship owes her safety. One of the steam-hammers is noteworthy as having been erected by Nasmyth himself, it being the first introduced into the Midlands, and it is still at work "forging the anchor" in a much more matter-of-fact way than that described by the poet, for steam has almost entirely superseded the old ponderous sledge work. One of the blast fans here is eight feet in diameter and serves seventy chain-welding fires, besides providing for the wants of six gangs of anchor-smiths working forgings up to five tons each. One of the hydraulic testing machines gives a strain equal to one hundred and twenty tons on the chain-links, all of which are afterwards tested and marked in Lloyd's Proving House close by. Netherton not only makes anchor chains; it makes towing chains for the beds of rivers. That in the bed of the Seine came from here, so did that in the Neckar, so did the more recent one in the Elbe. Chain-making, large and small, is one of the special industries hereabouts, and much of it is done at Cradley Heath and Cradley, which are the next villages.

Gas-pipes.

A good deal of nail-making also goes on, as well as tube-making, the latter more interesting. The tubes are made of strip iron rolled of suitable sizes, heated in a furnace and drawn through tapered dies until the strip becomes a scelp, with its edges brought together ready for welding. Then the scelps are heated again and drawn through a pair of tongs with a tapered hole in them, and then through another pair, and so on, the edges each time getting nearer together, until at last they join. Each time they are drawn they come red-hot to the bench, where a chain and spiked wheel drag them along on a carrier through the tongs, which tightly grip them. The welding is done in this way without any hammering, the tube being so pliant at last that it cannot bear its own weight, and has to be put under a rolling plate to be straightened, though it curves again as it cools. It is straightened again before it is cut by the saw to its proper length, and has the socket fitted at one end and the screw made at the other, and then it is tested hydraulically and becomes the gas-pipe of commerce.

Fire-clay Pottery.

Among the iron factories, and superseding them as you go west, are the fire-clay works. A brick-field is not picturesque, and the state of the landscape hereabouts may be imagined. Farther on, you get into Stourbridge, a pleasant residential place with no factory farther west, and only a few on its eastern edge.

Stourbridge, like Walsail, is on the frontier of the Black Country; along it runs the Midland coalfield, and from the clay which underlies the coal measures it makes the fire-bricks, glass-house bricks, gas retorts, clay crucibles, and glazed pottery for which it is famous. At the bridge from which it takes its name is a large quarry of red sandstone of Permian age, and the same condition of things prevails in the pottery districts of North Staffordshire, where the Permians lay round a field of coal.

At the junction for the town station the most prominent object is a group of full-sized baths, over five hundred in number, dazzlingly white and standing on end, so that from a distance it looks like an encampment. These porcelain baths are much used in hospitals, as being easily cleaned and affording no resting-place for the germs of disease. They are built up round a wooden block of the internal shape, moulded and glazed in one piece in much the same way as feeding-troughs and sinks, and strengthened with iron bands outside them. The clay is mined, brought up the shaft in skips, and left on the hillside to weather; it is then picked over and sorted into qualities, and ground and riddled and mixed with water, and pugged into dough until it is workable into any shape. Numerous are the forms it takes. In one of these works we came upon the manufacture of pots for glass-makers, which is almost special to this neighbourhood, for these are not the only fire-clay factories in our island. The best glass-pots used to be made of clay and ground potsherds, trodden into consistency with the feet, and built up of tapering rolls on a sandy stone, but machinery has altered many of these old methods.

Glass-works. It was the peculiar fitness of the clay for this purpose that led the first glass-makers to settle in this district. When that was, nobody seems to know, but the story goes that in 1555 or thereabouts—a not very probable date, as it would be in the reign of Queen Mary—one Henzell or Henzey, a Hungarian refugee from Lorraine, came to London to teach music, and, finding no patrons, wandered about the country until he came here, where he noticed the peculiar clay, and having been originally a potter and glass-maker by trade, began to make glass. This was on the slope of the hill leading up to Lye, still known as Hungary Hill after him, the bath-works and the railway now occupying the site of his old factory. From his day to this the manufacture of flint glass has continued without intermission in the district, local records proving it to have been carried on at different times, as it is now, at Amblecote and Audnam, and Wordsley and Coalburnbrook.

Glass-makers at Stourbridge are many, but in all quarters, official and industrial, we were told that if we wanted to take one factory as an example where we could see every variety of glass made on the premises, we could not do better than go to Thomas Webb & Sons at

Dennis; and to Dennis we went. Dennis is not as other factories; from the front there is nothing to be seen but the fine old mansion on the hillside among the trees. It is, as it were, an old manor-house, with the works at the back, where one would expect to find the stables and kitchen garden; but from the side the kilns and other buildings are prominent enough, and the entrance and surroundings are of the ordinary type, though it is not usual to find such an establishment with a background of forest trees set amid a landscape of verdure on all sides but one.

Thanks to Mr. Charles Webb, we had every opportunity given us of studying the manufacture of glass in all its developments; and a most instructive experience it proved to be. We began at the beginning. The "metal" is the same as that used at most of the local glass-works, some of which do not even mix their own. Essentially it consists of white sand, carefully dried, red lead, nitre, and carbonate of potash, with arsenic, perhaps, to give brightness, manganese to prevent yellowness, copper oxides and iron oxides for greens, cobalt for blues, and so on, with a certain proportion of broken glass to give the mixture a start.

In the centre of the glass-house rises the brick furnace, fed from below with coal, local and otherwise, mixed to give intense and lasting heat. Inside the furnace the pots are arranged, a port-hole opposite each, through which the rosy metal can be seen glowing against the white-hot clay. In front of each hole is a glass-maker's chair, the glass-worker's lathe, with its long iron-shod arms, and near it are the few tools, blowing-irons, punties, shears, and procellos, that curious compass-like arrangement with which the glass is shaped.

We were fortunate in being present at the first making of a large vase from a new design. The cross-section of the vase, cut out in paper, lay on the floor. In the chair sat the workman, attended by his servitor, gatherer, and boy, and with the group was the designer, instructing him how the drawing was to be rendered. Bit by bit we saw the vase built up. The blowing-iron was dipped into the pot, and a blob of molten glass gathered at its point and rolled on the marver, and blown into and swung and taken on the puntie, which was trundled on the arm of the chair; and as the glass revolved it was shaped by the procellos. At first it was difficult to see which was the top and which the bottom of the vase, but as lump after lump was added to it fresh from the pot, the shape soon became manifest. Then we saw the handles attached, four of them, a lump of glass being taken and pressed into a mould to square it, one end being then stuck on to the vase and the bar being drawn out and curved and fixed by the other, so that what was a thick, square, almost cubical mass became a graceful bar some half-inch in width and a quarter thick, with a double curve in it and rounded at the edges. Then another handle was made, and another and another, and finally the vase stood

complete, a graceful, substantial work, about half a yard high, brilliant and colourless, to be cooled and annealed.

"Would you like to try your hand?" asked one of the men. Quite so. A lump is gathered for us at the end of the long tube, and, remembering the blowpipe practice of our student days, we set to work gently and steadily, and from what was a solid blob a couple of inches across produce a bladder a foot or more through, that at last becomes so thin as, when touched, to break into tiny glittering grains; and we are told that that is the way the frosting used to be made for Christmas cards and such things.

Then a pig is made for us; a pinch with the procellos pulls out one ear, another pinch the other, a nip gives the nose, a pinch and a pull give each of the legs, a squeeze gives the shape of head and body, a change and another pull gives the tail with the due proportion of curliness. The pig is placed in the window to cool while we are further initiated into glass-making. Afterwards that pig was wrapped in soft paper and pocketed; soon an unusual warmth made itself felt; it was the pig, which was promptly removed to another pocket, whence a strong scent of indiarubber soon after arose. That pig again! It was shifted to another pocket, whence an odour of leather became shortly noticeable; thence it was transferred to another pocket, and then to another. Going up into Stourbridge it hung dangling from the umbrella handle. It was really remarkable how long that porcine effigy took to cool, and yet retained its shape.

We need not dwell on the annealing in the long alley-like bar, the cutting with sand and water, the engraving with emery, the etching with acid, the polishing, the finishing, about which we had so much to say in an earlier article.¹ Suffice it to say that it was the same here as elsewhere, the differences being in detail and not in principle. Glass is a very Proteus in the shapes and colours it assumes at Stourbridge. You can have it clear as crystal or opaque as stoneware, of several colours or of one; you can have it jewelled, you can have it cut in cameo fashion in as many as seven casings—and very beautiful is cameo glass, with the delicate tints showing through the white that is cut away, not too deep, but just deep enough; you can have it cut so deep in metal so heavy that you cannot lift a bowl with one hand; you can have it in plain zephyr so light that you can almost blow it over. The show-rooms of these glass-works yield quite a revelation as to the range of modern glass-making.

Hugh Miller described Stourbridge as a smaller Wolverhampton. What it was in his time we know not, but it is not in the least like Wolverhampton now—in fact, anything more unlike it would be difficult to find. One long street, narrow at first and widening out as it runs downhill to an insignificant bridge over

Stourbridge
Town.

¹ Now reprinted in "Foundry, Forge, and Factory."

an insignificant river, with a couple of streets on either side that run into each other, and a road or two leading into them—and there is Stourbridge so far as the town is concerned. In the High Street there is not a factory to be seen, except one or two at the bridge. In Market Street, which is about wide enough for two carts to pass, there is a town hall of no particular prominence; a quiet-looking institute, of which the secretary can only be seen on Saturdays; a church of early Georgian style, chiefly remarkable for the heap of clinker from the warming apparatus; a cheery little dispensary, and then the country. The street that crosses this from the top of the town has a few chapels and pleasant little cottages and villas, and ends in the fields at the dispensary corner. On the other side of High Street the first offshoot goes to the railway station and on into another street, which, after passing through the nearest approach to a slum in the place, leads out into an open valley, and up under a railway viaduct to Lye and Cradley.

If instead of Stourbridge town you mean the area under the district council, you continue up and down a series of hills into a series of villages that skirt the road and lay among fields and trees. But as soon as you cross the bridge you are in Staffordshire, and in that county are the gas-works, which belong to the local authority, and also the hospital, housed in what was a private mansion which stands in its own grounds. It is impossible that Wolverhampton could ever have looked like this during this century. Really Hugh Miller must have written in haste, or perhaps gone astray in the far eastern suburbs, where a comparison with Wolverhampton would verge on the libellous.

Amblecote, which you enter on crossing the bridge, is rather a pretty place until you turn off Dudley-wards in the steam tram, and so is Wordsley, notwithstanding its few glass-works and isolated factories.

In Wordsley are the headquarters of the Webbs, one of our largest firms of seed-growers. The warehouses look as though a group of dock buildings had come adrift into Staffordshire. It is a many-sided business, for the firm began, we believe, as millers, and continue as such, which must come in handy for the conversion of surplus stock; and in addition to their big trade in seeds, they deal in home-grown wool, for which they have a separate warehouse, and also in home-grown hops, the trade in which has increased so much that, to give room, each pocket as received is compressed so that a tuck some three inches deep has to be stitched in the sacking.

The seed department is, however, the mainstay of the business. Four miles off, at Kinver Edge, are a thousand acres of their trial grounds, and in many different parts of the country, on different soils and in different aspects, consignments of their seeds are being raised experimentally. The number of a seedsman's customers is generally great if trade thrives at

all; here, to take an example, the customers of the name of Smith for whom it is thought worth while to open ledger accounts exceed a thousand in number, and the Browns and Joneses and Robinsons are almost as numerous. Even the indexing of a set of ledgers like this is a laborious matter, and requires many an ingenious labour-saving device which only those familiar with accounts would appreciate.

The warehouses are practically a series of well-arranged barns. In one of the buildings are the cleaning machines, in which the seeds are sifted through fine sieves on to glass plates; and though the business may seem to be a clean one, it is astonishing what a lot of dust there is about it in its early stages, especially when grass is being dealt with. In the winter and early spring these warehouses are a wonderful sight, every floor being crammed full of seeds, horticultural and agricultural, in all their varieties,

and the basements loaded up with roots and bulbs.

The seeds are in separate rooms in floor upon floor, each room cut off from the other by fireproof doors that slide on sloping rails, the counterweight of each door being attached to it by fusible metal, so that when a certain temperature is reached the fastening melts, the counterweight detaches itself, and the door slips automatically into its place. On these floors the seeds are stored in bags like tea and sacks like corn, and in bulk, in bins and bays, some of the bays being eight or ten feet square. The amateur gardener who buys his seeds by the packet would be rather surprised at the size of the scales into which, at an early stage on their road to him, they are shot by the shovelful, and even the professional would wonder at the extent to which in these hard times more seed and more varieties of seeds are wanted every year.

W. J. GORDON.

PUFFS AND DRUGS.

ON going to drop a letter into the mouth of a pillar-post the other day, I was checked for a moment by seeing a printed notice stuck upon its under lip. Thinking that it might be some warning from St. Martin's-le-Grand, I paused, and found it to be the "puff" of a dairy farm. As, of course, the address of this was given, possibly by now the enterprising advertiser has received a hint from her Majesty's Government that he must draw the line somewhere, certainly not in, or on the very face of authority. For once, however, he caused it to be carefully perused (by posters of letters, at any rate), though I said to myself, "I'd never send my milk-jug to that shop." But the enterprise of its proprietors set me thinking about advertising ingenuity, and I put a sheet into my typewriter in order to look at my thoughts.

Let me reflect. Not long ago I stopped in a city street to look at a balloon, from the car of which something was being thrown, probably (as it seemed) to prevent its premature descent among the chimney-tops; but the ejected matter turned out to be a sackful of leaflets recommending—was it not a "patent" medicine? Thus the sick man might think a fluttering message to have descended from Jove himself. Not a bad idea, perhaps. When you pick up a letter sent down out of the skies you like to see what it says; though disillusion arrives on your finding it to commend a pill. An unlikely revelation from Olympus. It has struck me, however, that those crafty exhibitors who use a magic-lantern to throw an advertisement on the blank gable-end of a house (could they be prosecuted as bill "stickers"?) might proclaim themselves by aiming their apparatus upwards and making proposals on the under part of a low "cloud"; possibly they might utilise even a "fog." Would this be an

infraction of the law which forbids the erection of "sky" signs? Anyhow, such handiwork (though it would be certainly blown away) could not be blown "down" to the danger of wayfarers, and might with fittest propriety be called a "puff."

Some time ago I came across a much more solid method of impressing the existence of a desirable commodity upon the public. I was travelling in America, and fell into talk with a man who had such a prodigious piece of luggage, that the railway porters at the station where we got out made remarks which were anything but complimentary to the owner of so big a trunk. It took three or four of them to carry the monster. "There, sir," said my friend, "they won't forget that. They will soon find out what I have got. It is filled, sir, with bills of Warner's Safe Cure, which will soon be the talk of the town."

The dodges of the drug-seller are minutely insistent. Not only does he fill columns of the local press with the announcements of his nostrums (I had a parcel of Sierra Leone newspapers some time ago, containing urgent recommendations of "pain-killers," "blood-mixtures," "syrups," and "ointments"), but if the holders of even limp omnibus tickets beguile a moment by reading the back of one, they will probably find their livers referred to.

I believe, however, that a society has been formed to suppress, at least, country roadside placards, and even a bill proposed for the same object. No doubt this is aesthetically unassailable, for it is not picturesque to have panaceas flashed upon you as you look out of the windows of an express train, and to see beautiful scenery smeared with ointment; still, in these days of agricultural depression, it seems hard on the poor farmer to be denied the chance of turning

a penny by sticking up a board in his unprofitable fields, and reaping a small physical crop without the expense of wages or manure. Soap and elixirs pay better than wheat.

The advertisers of these, however, seem to rely more confidently upon the taste for sensational literature, if we may judge by the cunning way in which a touching anecdote leads up to the final blessings bestowed by some invincible drug. I was presented the other day with a pamphlet, left at my house, which recorded (in really graphic language) the tale of a disastrous wreck. The lifeboat had reached the sufferers, when a wave caught its coxswain and threw him against the side of the ship. He was picked up, however, and carried home, but was found to have sustained such internal injury that his brave life came to be despaired of. This was all the more pitiable since he had suddenly fallen in love with a beautiful girl, one of the rescued passengers, who had caught so severe a chill by exposure to wet and cold that her constitution gave way, seemingly past hope. At length a friend suggested the trial of a certain medicine. She and her lover both sent for bottles of this, and, after being restored to health, were married. Then they lived happily as object-lessons, testifying to the virtue of the patent potion, which had been fortunately recommended by their adviser.

I came lately across another realistic story of a man who had met with a serious accident, and writhed in agony upon the ground in the midst of a suggestive sympathetic crowd, when he suddenly managed to draw a bottle from his pocket, which he clapped to his mouth before anyone could stop him. "He's poisoned himself," cried a bystander. "Not a bit," said he, sitting up. "I've only had a pull at the 'pain-killer' I never fail to carry with me, and am all right now."

There is one mode of advertisement which drug-sellers do not yet seem to have fully employed. It would certainly compel notice, whether effective or not, if an enterprising firm were to start a procession of sandwich-men on crutches, and wearing, say, pill-boxes as helmets, duly inscribed. It would be too much, perhaps, to expect them to put on suits of blister, or even diachylon plaster; but as there is a great cry for some fresh feminine work, a string of "unemployed" women might be dressed as hospital nurses, wearing aprons covered with information about liniments and surgical appliances.

The confidence of self-dosers is amazing, even among intelligent well-educated men. Sometimes, however, they may find themselves unexpectedly cured. A friend of mine once, on setting off for a tour up the Nile, provided himself with a big box of pills, which he thought would last for three months. Not very long after leaving Cairo, one of the boat's crew was taken ill. My friend gave him a bolus. He enjoyed it so much that, watching his opportunity, he stole the store and ate it all up

with a spoon, like peas. If one did him good for a day, he argued that many might ensure his immortality. Disillusion ensued in his case, but my friend, though unable to replenish his box, never was so well in his life. I am afraid his appetite for physic returned, even when it had been proved to him that he had need of none. The Egyptian's dose, indeed, was prodigious; but if any "confirmed invalid" would only reckon up what he gets through, he might well be scared. Two dinner-pills daily may not seem to be much, and yet it follows that in ten years he will have swallowed seven thousand three hundred—a pleasant reflection.

Among the inducements offered to the public to undergo therapeutic or surgical treatment, drums and trumpets would seem at first to be void of influence; and yet a man who drives a four-in-hand into a country town on market days, and does his business on the top of a "drag," has a string of patients ready to be dosed, and turns the street into a "waiting-room."

It is to be believed, however, that many patent cures are really cases of "faith-healing," and if analysis reveals bread pills, detractors ought to be glad that the treatment adopted is so desirable. To judge by the unflagging continuance of advertisements in provincial papers, which find their way into the farmhouse and the cottage, the belauded medicine is bought and swallowed. Let us hope that it is often made of harmless "herbs" ("simples," they used to be significantly called), with a dash of some ill-flavoured ingredient to give them the encouraging repulsiveness of physic, lacking which, confidence would be shaken. When a child has to take a powder, "jam" is mostly added, as a dodge to disguise the drug, but your intelligent rustic adult rather likes his dose to be unsavoury. With him the introductory sensation is reversed, and he is tempted to swallow the potion, holding his nose, because of its orthodox nastiness. I remember once warning a peasant against some doctored publican's beer, and he replied, "Anyhow, that's wet." In a corresponding mood he takes the compound which the quack, honestly enough, declares to be "innocuous," since, anyhow, it "smells."

Travellers among savage nations tell us of their fondness for drugs, and I read lately of a black who looked on a certain embrocation as a draught to be used internally, and survived its effect with gratitude.

In respect to the fierce appetite for alcohol, shown by the Redskin especially, it is curious to note that when he has unhappily got hold of it, the "taste" of the stimulant neither tempts nor deters him, so long as it is "firewater"—i.e. "burns" when touched with flame. If it does, methylated spirit is as acceptable as, or more so than, the best "brand" of whisky or rum. No "dodge" is needed to invite his acceptance of the deadly dram, and nothing would please the "son of the west wind" more than to drink your health in a mug of eau de Cologne.

HARRY JONES.

SHARK-FISHING IN ENGLISH WATERS.

"DOG-FISH, he means!" will be the contemptuous reader's comment on the above heading; but I have not been plagued for years by dog-fish without knowing one when I see it.

No! I assert, whatever the reader may think of it, that I have on many occasions had ("enjoyed" is scarcely the correct term) most exciting encounters with sharks within three or four miles of our own coasts.

Indeed, it is only the conviction that the majority of folks fancy there are no such things as true sharks in the English Channel that has induced me to chronicle such an everyday occurrence in the pages of the "Leisure Hour." Formerly known mostly on our south-west coast, these noisome plagues are yearly extending their range eastward; and in the summer of 1886 a large blue shark bit off the foot of a Portsmouth fisherman who unwisely attempted to stand upon its tongue.

It is curious how eager folks are, in their ignorance of the creatures that inhabit the ocean, to disbelieve much that is actual fact. Very little travel, still less observation, would show the propriety of the stay-at-home striking the gentle mean between swallowing open-mouthed every sailor's yarn, and on the other hand doubting the existence of every creature which he has not actually seen. Has it not always been so, since the days of Pontoppidan, with regard to the much discussed sea-serpent, which is, unfortunately, periodically dragged out from the unfathomed depths to do duty in the "silly season" of London newspapers?

All the witnesses—Ferry in 1746, Laing in 1808, Woodward ten years later, Henderson and the captain of the *Dædalus* in 1848, Weiss in 1882, Kerr in 1891, and a host besides—have been stigmatised as at least, if nothing worse, the victims of "Hollands" or hallucination.

Not very long ago a similar report was headed in an evening paper "An Old Acquaintance," a piece of gratuitous editorial satire; while the writer of "London Day by Day" in the *Telegraph* chronicled with joy the death of the sea-serpent later in the same month. If seeing only is believing, then can one understand the extremely limited beliefs of some folks; but surely, with all due respect to their caution in accepting hearsay, the sea which has produced the whale and octopus may well harbour anything vast and marvellous.

With which prefatory lament on the incredulity of one's friends, and of mine in particular, I shall return—the Fates be praised, it is only in the spirit!—to my Cornish sharks, which belong to two most ferocious ocean genera: the

blue shark (*Carcharias glaucus*) and the equally dreaded porbeagle (*Lamna cornubica*).



BLUE SHARK.

Both full to the brim of devilry, the blue shark is perhaps the more ferocious, as the other is undoubtedly the heavier and more powerful, being far deeper for its length.

Consequently, while a 10 lb. blue shark may measure nearly five feet in extreme length, I have taken a porbeagle of less than four feet which would turn the scale at 20 lb.

The colouring of both is handsome, the first named species being steel blue above and white beneath, while the porbeagle is a dark brown along the back and sides, and shades to grey and white along the belly.



PORBEAGLE

I fear these small sharks cannot have any commercial value, else there might be some hope of the fishermen making a raid upon them whenever a glut brings the market value of pilchards down to three shillings per thousand.

Which is, unfortunately, not seldom. Were they only larger, the liver, which is in two lobes and proportionately bulky, would yield an adequate return in oil; and it has often struck me that the skin of at all events the blue species might be cured into a very beautiful material for the bookbinder. Surely if there is one market without a limit, it is for any potential wherewithal to cover books!

But my sharks are only infants of five or six feet long and twenty or thirty pounds in weight, though an occasional patriarch is taken in the nets or cast ashore in a storm, a creature weighing several hundredweight. I cannot pretend to give any satisfactory reason for their presence in our cold seas, as, for example, naturalists are accounting for the comparatively

recent increase of sharks off Trieste and Fiume by the cutting of the Suez Canal.

Some say they follow homeward-bound ships, like an occasional pilot-fish, which, while never found in attendance on these juvenile sharks, will now and again follow craft into Fowey and Plymouth. This explanation appears to me unsatisfactory, for the majority of these sharks are small fry which would not in all probability attack a man, and could therefore have but little instinctive object in prowling for days in a ship's wake.

I am inclined to think that they are attracted rather by the oily refuse from the pilchard stores at Mevagissey, Penzance, and St. Ives, which the strong western tide must take out into the Atlantic for miles.

The fact remains, whatever its causes, that here they are, and a precious nuisance too, especially on the finest, hottest days. Day after

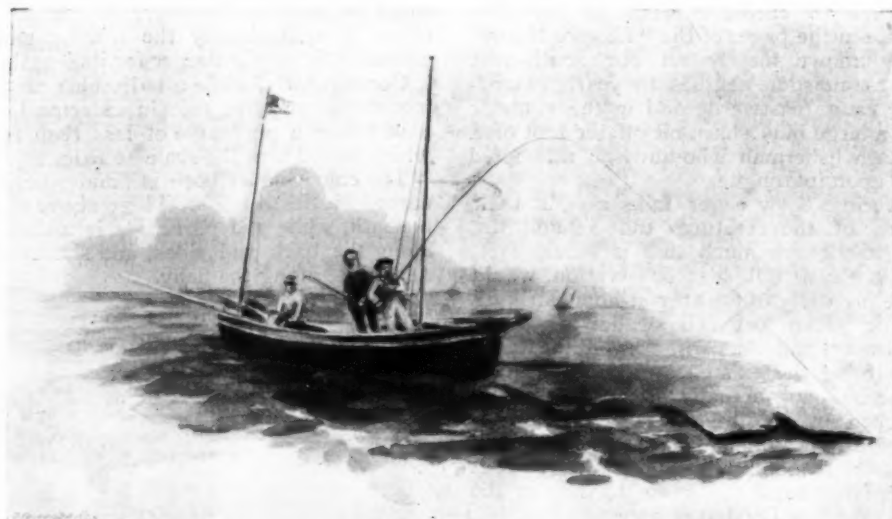
through which it presently dashes with open jaws.

And now the grapnel is fast, and rod and lines are over the side awaiting the first pollock. For a few minutes there is no sign of a fish, and in an unguarded moment our boatman squeezes a couple of pilchards over the side by way of ground bait, or "guffin," as he calls it.

This is the beginning of the end. Suddenly, without hint or warning, my reel goes screeching away at twenty revolutions a second, and the top of the rod is having a dip.

"One of those sharks!" cried George in disgust. "Why, if they ain't . . .!"

(Here follows such a technical and sweeping description of the entire shark family as would only be of interest to the more scientific reader, so I prefer omitting the remainder of his instructive and entertaining remarks, lest



ONE OF THOSE SHARKS.

day they mar one's pleasure and turn one's sport into a misery. Day after day they rob one's newest tackle and, when caught, defile everything in the boat with a smell more nauseous than anything yet invented in the laboratory. It was always the same sickening experience, often for six days in the week.

Imagine a beautiful August day with cloudless sky and a light breeze, which may be momentarily "scoffed" up by the burning sun, and, indeed, only just lasts long enough to help one out to the rocky pollack ground.

Everything bids the sanguine angler expect a "record" day. The gulls are paddling around like geese in a pond, and ever and anon a gannet swoops headlong on the gambolling sand-eels. Not half a mile off, a great rorqual, perhaps three times the length of our boat, is plunging in the still waters and snorting like an elephant. Beating up the little fish, in fact,

my favourite boatman should appear dogmatic.)

Meanwhile this one, like a runaway cabhorse, is still careering wildly at the other end of sixty yards of line, and the performance must end one way or the other.

Most probably the gentleman will serve me as I was served twice yesterday and once the day before: he will take out all the line on my reel and will then bite off the hook, be it fastened on single gut or treble wire, and go merrily away in search of seaweed pastures new. There are not another half-dozen yards left on the barrel of the reel. Suddenly the strain ceases, and the rod-top resumes its normal position.

I sadly wind in a dozen yards or more of slack, when a further rush warns me that our partnership is not yet dissolved, and that the shark has simply swum up ahead of the hook, a favourite trick, in order to shake it out. But

matters do not turn out quite as the fish expected, for the slack line gets so twisted round its writhing body that in a very few seconds I bring it alongside all doubled up, and feeling, in consequence, twice as heavy, with its tail almost in its mouth, like a fried whiting. But though it is gaffed and in the boat, the trouble is not by any means over.

Four feet of blue shark can still show a good deal of fight, and will, unless carefully dealt with, yield a fine quantity of highly perfumed blood.

It is fore and aft, port and starboard, everywhere at once; and somehow, however well booted one may be, there is something unwelcome in the proximity of those well armed jaws. It takes a good deal of killing, for, out of respect for the smell of its blood, the angler dare not cut the matter short by severing the creature's spine, but must belabour it steadily with a rope-end. When it is at last reduced to quiet, the hook is extracted, and a bight of rope being hitched over the tail, it is slung head downwards over the bows. Presently it will recover consciousness and become exceedingly lively. I have even known a porbeagle in this very trying position snap in half a large whiting which was being hauled in on a line.

At times, when an extra heavy shark has taken away several hooks, all light tackle is



THE TRESHER.

taken aboard, and a special stout line, baited with a whole pilchard, is thrown out. Sharks, however, are by no means the least wary of fish, and only an occasional Verdant Green is taken in by such coarse tackle, easily hauled alongside, and massaged with a knotted rope.

There are really large sharks in British waters. And there is a fair abundance of a smaller species, the agile fox, or thresher, one

of which haunted my favourite bathing cove nearly a whole week, after which it left me in undisputed possession.

Dixi! The recollection of those wretched sharks and of all the costly tackle they broke is



AU REVOIR.

bitter indeed; but there is a grain of consolation in putting others on their trail. Whatever its faults—and they certainly outnumber its virtues—the shark is a true friend to the tackle-maker.

One lovely afternoon in August a blue shark, which I twice brought within a foot of the gaff, hung round the boat for over an hour, in the course of which it took just half a sovereign's worth of new gut tackle. After this we sailed back to port.

Personally, I should be glad to think I had encountered my last shark, but I should indeed feel content if my remarks might perchance stimulate others to organise a crusade against the most desperate and unprincipled freebooters that ever roamed the high seas. In size, these sharks may differ considerably from the fifteen-foot gentleman who used to spoil our schnapper-fishing off the Australian coast; but it is only in size. Their disposition is the same, their wickedness goes rather more to the square inch; and if they are not, as their tropical *confrères*, actually dangerous to life and limb, the damage which they do to the fishermen's gear is serious.

F. G. AFLALO.

THE JEWISH POOR OF LONDON,

AND HOW THEY ARE RELIEVED.



Handwritten signature: H. S. R.

*From a photograph by
The London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company.*

FEW citizens of Great Britain know how many thousands of destitute Hebrews come to London to live. They are so numerous that there is established a Jewish Board of Guardians for the relief of the poor. It was founded as far back as the year 5619, according to Israel's mode of reckoning years, that is, in 1859 according to our dates.

Its *locale* has, since its birth, been Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate, but now larger premises are available.

The great feature of the administration is that it is entirely a voluntary body, not controlled by the Local Government Board in any way, as are the ordinary Poor Law Guardians. There is a friendly relation preserved between the two organisations, and with the Local Boards of the metropolis.

Near Liverpool Street Station a palatial new pile of buildings has been erected, which was opened some months since. The passer-by

along Bishopsgate Street Without will note a new structure, that will at once proclaim itself as a building of more than ordinary importance, and the title along the front, "Jewish Board of Guardians," arrests attention.

Without taxing to the extent of one farthing the funded property or annual income of the institution, without public appeal, and, it is believed, without drawing on any sources of support which would otherwise have flowed into its general coffers, the Board has entered into possession, without cost or charge, of a suitable building, in which the great work of the relief of the Jewish poor can be adequately carried on.

In the history of charitable administration, it is an extremely rare occurrence that the cost of so important an undertaking should be collected before the turning of a sod or the laying of a brick. The gratitude of the community will be freely extended to the generous donors who have rendered such an achievement possible. The purchase of the site cost £3,813, and the total cost will be £15,000. Of this sum £8,000 was given by three donors.

It has always been the boast of the Jews, wheresoever situated, that they take adequate measures for the relief of their necessitous members, and do not let their poor rely upon Poor Law charity.

When, in 1690, the Jews domiciled in England appealed against the re-imposition of the Alien Tax, they urged that their indigent poor people were maintained by the rest. The immigration was mostly from Holland; and as early as 1770 the authorities of the Great Synagogue adopted measures to put a stop "to the undue immigration from Holland, by refusing relief to those who left that country without good cause." But the foreign poor still came, and the German and Polish synagogues took no concerted action to legislate as regards the problem of organised help.

The first suggestion of a central Board to administer eleemosynary aid to the Jewish poor appears to have emanated from Mr. Joshua Van Oven, who, in 1802, described the condition of the Hebrew poor as "deplorable." He wrote: "The infirm, the lame, the blind, and the helplessly aged are completely wretched, since the synagogue funds afford them but a very scanty pittance, and they cannot take shelter in a Christian parish workhouse." He proposed a Poor Board for the entire management of all the Jewish poor in the metropolis. But his counsel was just half a century before its time. The only communal charities then existing

among the German Jews were the *משנה נפש* bread, meat, and coal charity, founded in 1780, the Talmud-Torah School (limited to orphans), the forerunner of the Jews' Free School, and a Jewish soup-kitchen. And, in 1795, Mr. Asher Goldsmid founded the Jews' Hospital as a home for the aged poor and an industrial school for the young. But the relief of "the strangers within the gates" was not improved. To the three City synagogues—the Great, Hamboro', and New—the foreign poor *ארחים* and their lot was a perpetual cause of strife. Often the poor, to complete the given shilling, had to call first at the Great Synagogue for the first moiety of sixpence, and to the other City synagogues for the two remaining moieties of threepence severally; and thus pauperism was superinduced and perpetuated, and misery and want greatly aggravated.

In 1844 Mr. Henry Faudel made another attempt to help the poor. He urged that the unregulated effort made to relieve poverty by rich and poor alike ended but in mischief. It encouraged instead of checking mendicity; it produced beggars where it should have made artisans; it encouraged consumers instead of making producers; it assisted idlers when its object was to support the industrious. But Mr. Faudel had to be content, like Joshua Van Oven, with scattering seed which was to germinate after many days.

Fifteen years later, the committee of the Great Synagogue resolved that a Conjoint Board of Guardians should be appointed to relieve the strangers. Then delegates were appointed from the other two synagogues, and in February 1859 action was taken. The new Board started with £440, and the first meeting was held March 16, 1859. The first relief *rota* was issued on July 7. The initial office was a shabby, draughty, wooden and glass structure partitioned off from the premises of the Jewish soup kitchen, then in Black Horse Yard, Whitechapel.

The Board was originally established to relieve the foreign poor exclusively. But it soon became clear that such a limitation led to much friction, and caused hardship to the native and domiciled poor; so in 1860 the anomaly was abolished of the foreign poor being relieved by the Board, and the congregational poor by the synagogues. The first committee formed by the Board was the Visiting Committee, which was appointed in February 1861, and the loan fund was also established that year. The record of the Jewish Board is clear and honourable. During the thirty-eight years of its existence it has invested a sum the interest of which, added to the grant from the United Synagogue, suffices to cover all working expenses and other incidental charges, so that every penny now subscribed by the general public goes straight to the poor, without any diminution whatever.

As is well known, there are whole streets in the East End of London wholly given up to the Jews. Booth Street, Princelet Street, and

Brick Lane are notable instances. Time was when Petticoat Lane and the tributary by-ways leading from the main thoroughfare were the boundary of the foreign population, and the other parts of the Tower Hamlets were occupied by Gentiles. And this less than a score of years ago.

Who are the new-comers? Mainly a Russian and Polish influx, prompted for the most part by the condition of affairs produced by Russian persecution.

The Russian Jews, of whom the world has heard so much, have been relieved by a Conjoint Committee, which meets weekly. The large increase of the Jewish pauper population during the past fifteen years makes every addition now a serious matter to the whole community, but it is satisfactory to know that there is a tolerably certain indication that the immigration, though not stopped, is on the wane. The diminished number may be due to the fact that the Continental Committees on the frontiers have suspended action, and none could leave Russia voluntarily but persons possessed of some means of their own, and those means would either enable them to establish themselves here, or would not be exhausted for some time.

Expulsions on a large scale have ceased for the present, and, consequently, there has been less suffering, though the life of the Russian Jews continues to be one long series of petty persecutions.

Every effort is made to help the foreign Jew. If he settles down, then the Chief Rabbi wishes him to be taught English, and as far as possible become a worthy citizen. For it is Dr. Adler's boast that the Queen has no more loyal subjects under the sun than her Hebrew ones. Yiddish, a language without a literature, a grammar, or a dictionary, is discouraged by English Jews, who have large English evening classes. Over 650 learners attended these during a recent year, and made much progress. At least, the classes afford facilities for obtaining a knowledge of English adequate for at least ordinary purposes. On the whole, the persecuted stranger receives a welcome, but the leading Jews do not want to see him "become one of many citizens of Whitechapel." Certainly, if a settlement is wanted, there are far better spots than the congested localities of the East End of London.

The organisation of the Jewish Board covers a wide range of philanthropic work. Its aim is to permanently benefit those whom it assists. An attempt is being made to promote the acquisition of second or alternative trades amongst the refugees, so that a man who has been taught two trades can find employment in one when work in the other slackens. There are tailors, boot-makers, furriers, cap-makers, and cabinet-makers, and others in regular occupation. An excellent system of apprenticeship is also established; to each apprentice a guardian is assigned, who is pledged to visit him twice a year at the master's workshop, and to send in a written report as to his conduct and

progress, while a committee has power to cancel the indentures if just cause appear on either side. Within the last twelve months no less than sixty-seven apprentices completed their terms. About 500 are at present engaged in learning ninety-one trades. The most popular business is that of cabinet-making, and next to that boot-making. Some become engineers and wood-carvers. Technical classes supply another means of education. After a course, loans are granted for the purchase of tools, etc., and the repayments are spread over a number of years. There are also workrooms provided in view of the distress among the Jewish population, and the parents eagerly avail themselves of the opportunities afforded to enable their girls to earn regular, although at first small, wages. Wealthy ladies belonging to the leisured classes work here, and instruct as heartily as though they were paid. Fifty girls are reported as learning embroidery in gold and silver thread and worsted, or dressmaking, or plain white embroidery and needlework.

The Ladies' Visiting Committee is a very active body. They regularly go to the homes of the poor. During 1895, the experiment was made of supplying "Sick Room Helps" in cases of illness among the destitute poor. These "Helps" give assistance in cleaning and airing the rooms, looking after the children, and cooking the food, and materially alleviate the distressing incidents of sickness in poor families. The "Helps" are women who are compelled to earn a living either on account of the death or illness of their husbands. They are paid a fixed weekly wage, and are thus rendered partially self-supporting. In this way two classes of women are benefited. Ladies supervise the work, in order to ensure its being done in a proper manner.

In a large workroom members of the committee meet every week to give instruction to women and girls requiring it. A hundred find employment, and a Ladies' Sewing Society provides many hundreds of cut-out garments to be made up by those employed.

The Board have a sanitary inspector. In one year he paid as many as 3,347 visits to the homes of the poor. There is a great desire on the part of the Board to get cleanly dwellings. The general condition of these poor is shown by the fact that, out of 1,402 houses, only 696 were up to the standard of local authority, while no less than 706 were defective and below the standard of local authority. But the owners are often to blame. In Whitechapel, whole streets are badly built, overcrowded to a gross extent, and refuse never

cleared away. Yet it took the Board and the local authorities some ten years to get anything done. In one case, a man, wife, and six children occupied a basement kitchen with a capacity of only 540 cubic feet; in another, seven persons lived in a room slightly larger; in another, six adults had a room with little light. The Board refuse help if uncleanness continues, and there is a resolution that in cases where dirty persons appear before the Board, bath tickets shall be given.

A total of 6,410 applicants for help, inclusive of departmental ones, came to the Board last year, and they represented 20,434 souls. Of this large number, 3,608 were Russians and Poles, 394 Dutch, and 212 Germans, who have lived here seven years; and there were numbers of Russians and Poles who came as strangers. Those helped once can be aided again and again, if necessary, and they prove themselves worthy of it. No one ever says he is hungry in vain; food is given—but inquiry, thorough, systematic, and earnest, is made by an inquiry agent before money is given. The impostor is severely dealt with; but the genuine seeker in distress need have no fear.

Another feature of the work is that of the Investigation Committee, who have charge of 359 cases of fixed allowances to widows, sick people, old age, and deserted wives. The scale of pensions varies from 2s. weekly to 15s.

The Board have also some almshouses in



JEWISH VOLUNTARY BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

Mile End. They are ten in number, and are occupied by persons over sixty years of age. Each person has coals, gas, water, and rooms, together with an allowance of 5s. per week, and must also have another 5s. weekly from some other source.

Such in brief outline is the work of a really

notable body. They have much to do in view of the growth of the Jewish population. One thing is certain: the casual observer will note that, however poverty-stricken the Jews may be, they are sober, thrifty, and moral. They are willing to work, and a Jewish loafer is unknown.

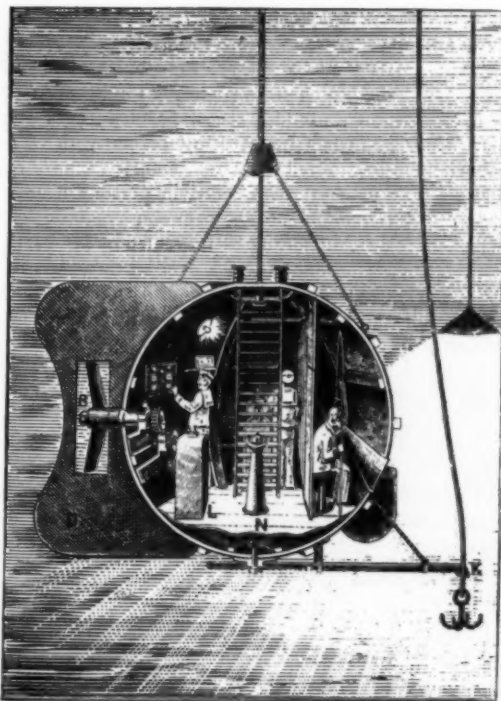
After an experience of *five* years, the writer

has never met one in a workhouse, or casual ward, and, as a chaplain to the latter in the very heart of the Jewish population, he has been impressed with the fact. Aliens and strangers these poor Jews may be—workers they certainly are, and, as such, make good citizens, contributing to the wealth of the community, and setting a good example.

T. C. C.

Science and Discovery.

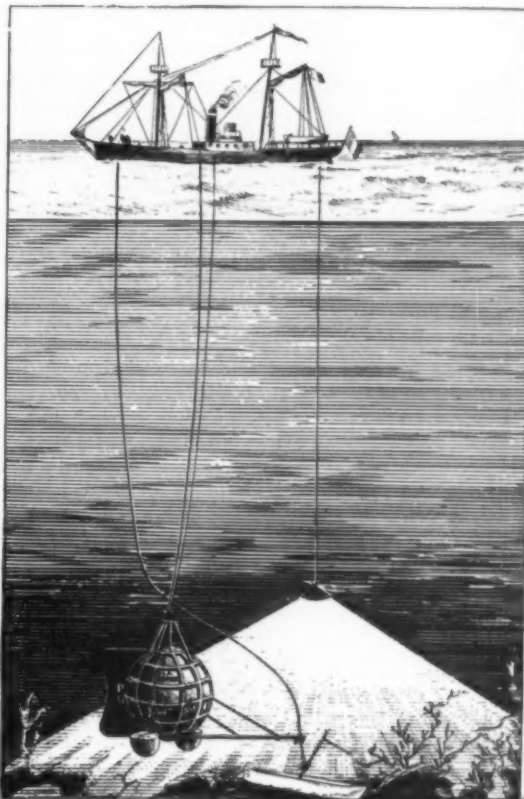
A SUBMARINE BALLOON.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

By means of a diving-dress or a diving-bell it is possible to descend to depths of about 100 feet, but below this the pressure becomes too great to be borne in safety. Many ships are wrecked, however, in water somewhat deeper than this, and they and their cargoes have to be abandoned altogether, because there has hitherto been no practicable method of raising them. A new arrangement for bringing these lost treasures to the surface has been designed by Count Piatti dal Pozzo, and has recently been completed by a naval constructor on the Seine. From a description in the "Revue Générale des Sciences" it appears that the

submarine worker—or "Travailleur sous-marin," as the inventor terms it—consists of a hollow ball of steel about an inch and a half thick and fourteen feet in diameter, made up of two well-fitting hemispheres. Three or four men can comfortably occupy the interior of the ball, and, when they have been fastened in, they can be let down to the depth desired, as shown in our first illustration. The arrangement is thus very similar to a captive balloon. The men are in telephonic communication with the ship from which their



SUBMARINE BALLOON AT WORK.

submarine balloon descends; and, being in a sealed chamber, they are not affected by the enormous pressure of the water above them. An electric lamp suspended from the ship lights up the sea-bottom, so that the men inside the ball can see the objects which they have to grapple and send to the surface. The details of the apparatus will be understood from the vertical section shown in the first illustration. There is a screw (B) by means of which the apparatus can be made to go ahead or astern with the ship; and two other screws, one on each side, are used for moving sideways. A fixed rudder (D) gives stability to the whole arrangement. The motive power is obtained from three dynamos (L). The bar, K, is like a large movable screw-hammer, and its jaws can be opened or closed from the inside of the apparatus, so that the grappling-irons can be directed to and hooked upon any object which has to be lifted. Should the cable by which the ball is suspended happen to break, no harm would come to the occupants, for they would drop a certain amount of ballast from the outside, and the ball, being thus lightened, would then rise to the surface. The whole arrangement weighs about ten tons, and it is made to descend to a depth of about fourteen hundred feet. The inventor descended to a depth of nearly five hundred feet in an apparatus of the kind here described, in 1893, and it is anticipated that the submarine worker just completed will enable about three times that depth to be reached with perfect safety.

THE AIR NEAR TRAINS IN MOTION.

Professor F. E. Nipher has recently measured the frictional effect of moving trains upon the air near them. His apparatus consisted of a hemispherical cup, which he could fix at distances up to thirty inches from the window of a railway carriage. The mouth of this collector was turned towards the direction in which the train was moving at the time of observation; and the pressure due to the motion was conveyed to a pressure-gauge by means of an india-rubber tube attached to the back of the collecting cup. The results obtained show that a large amount of air is dragged along with a rapidly moving train, the motion being also communicated to air many feet away. Most people believe that it is dangerous to stand near a train going at full speed, and Professor Nipher has now proved that the moving air is a real source of danger. The air not only possesses sufficient power to cause one to topple over, but it also communicates a spinning motion tending to roll a person under the train if the nature of the ground does not prevent such a result.

THE LIGHT OF FIREFLIES.

No means are known of producing light without heat, yet, so far as illuminating purposes go, this heat represents waste energy. It was proved by Professor S. P. Langley five or six years ago that the firefly is almost an ideal source of luminosity, for the heat which accompanies the light it emits is extremely small. In fact, Nature produces this light at about one

four-hundredth part of the cost of the energy which is used up in the candle flame, and at but an insignificant fraction of the energy required to produce an electric light of the same intensity. Much thus remains to be done before natural results can be equalled by artificial processes. An investigation of firefly light from another point of view has recently been made by Mr. H. Muraoka of Japan. Three hundred fireflies were captured and placed in a box, at the bottom of which was a photographic plate wrapped in black paper. It was found that the direct light of the firefly behaved like ordinary light. But when the rays emitted by the fireflies fell upon a piece of cardboard, or upon a copper plate, some filtered through, and these were found to possess the properties of Röntgen rays. The cardboard or the metal seemed to concentrate the glow-worm rays, and make them capable of piercing various opaque substances. How this action is produced has not been explained.

DANGEROUS PLANTS.

A short time ago attention was drawn to the fact that some of the common varieties of the beautiful and popular primula produce eruptions of an erysipelas-like character when handled by people with tender skins. Gardeners well know that similar forms of skin disease are sometimes produced in persons handling and cleaning the bulbs of the common hyacinth. The cause of this inflammation was revealed by Dr. Morris, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society. There was no doubt about the reality of the effect, for scales from the bulbs were found to be capable of producing considerable irritation in certain cases when placed upon the skin. The prime agents of the injuries are minute needle-shaped crystals of oxalate of lime arranged in close bundles on the bulb-scales. The crystals seem to act as protectors of the growing plants, for snails avoid hyacinth bulbs while other bulbs close by are attacked. Roman hyacinths appear to produce more serious skin disorders than other varieties. Dr. D. H. Scott has confirmed the conclusion that the irritation of the skin produced by handling hyacinth bulbs is really due to punctures by the minute crystals observed by Dr. Morris.

AN ATTEMPT TO DISTURB THE ETHER.

Light consists of vibrations, and since the light of stars comes to us after traversing millions upon millions of miles of interstellar space, it must be concluded that some medium exists by means of which the vibrations are transmitted. This medium is the hypothetical ether, the existence of which men of science accept as an article of faith. It is supposed to be everywhere, and to permeate all material substances just as water does a sponge. A few years ago, Dr. Oliver Lodge, the eminent professor of physics in University College, Liverpool, carried out a series of experiments to see whether a rapidly moving disc disturbed the ether in its neighbourhood, and he lately described at the Royal Society his methods and results. A beam of

light was divided into two parts, and each half was sent in opposite directions round rapidly rotating steel discs. If the discs carried the ether at all with them, evidently the beams of light would suffer a disturbance, and it was to determine whether such a disturbance really existed that Dr. Lodge instituted his investigation. The results were negative: neither when the rotating discs were strongly electrified, so that the beams had to move through a moving electrical field, nor when a lump of iron weighing three-quarters of a ton was rapidly rotated and strongly magnetised in the place of the discs, were any effects observed which would have indicated that the ether had been twisted in any way by the whirling masses. The experiments have thus again failed to furnish evidence of a mechanical connection between material substances and the imaginary ether in which they are believed to be immersed.

A GAME SIX THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

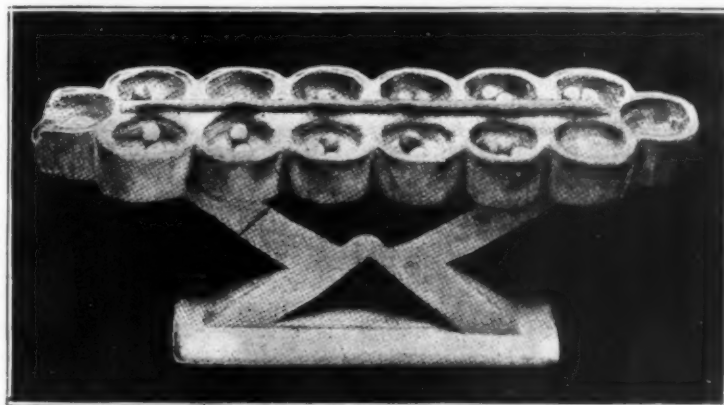
In every part of Africa, from Cairo to the Cape, the natives are familiar with a curious game called Mancala, which bears some resemblances to the game of draughts. A board is used with two rows of cup-shaped depressions, and a handful of shells or pebbles,

opponent's side, where there were only one or two counters. When he has done this, he has won the counters in that pocket, including his own last counter. These he transfers to the receptacle in the end of the board to his right. . . . When so few counters remain in the holes on the board that no more can be won, the game is ended, and each counts his winnings.²⁷

There are several varieties of the game, but they all seem to be based on the same system. The remarkable fact about the game is that it has been played in Africa for six thousand years, if not more. It is played by Kaffirs in all the compounds of the diamond mines at Kimberley, and is met with among the ruins of Zanzibar; it is universal among the Abyssinians, is played by the children of Egypt in holes scooped out of the ground, and signs of it are even recorded in old Egyptian monuments. Can any other game show so great an antiquity, or boast that it has served to divert the inhabitants of so large a part of the earth?

A HEAT-INDICATING PAINT.

At a recent meeting of the Physical Society of London Professor S. P. Thompson showed some experiments with a paint which changes colour when heated. At ordinary temperatures the paint is red,



BOARD FOR MANCALA, OR GAME OF AFRICAN DRAUGHTS.
(From Elmina, Africa.)

which are transferred from one hole to another with much rapidity by the players. One of these boards, now in the U.S. National Museum, Washington, and obtained from Elmina, Africa, is here represented. The large holes at the ends are receptacles for the pieces or counters employed in the game.

The Rev. A. C. Good says the game is played somewhat in this way: "Four counters are put in each of the twelve pockets. Then one player takes the counters out of a pocket on his own side, and drops one in each pocket around as far as they will go, going to the right and back on his opponent's side, in the opposite direction to that in which the hands of a clock move. They move thus alternately, until one manages to make his counter fall in a pocket on his

but when it is warmed to about 200° F. it turns black. If paper is covered with this substance and then warmed at a stove, the change is effected in a few seconds. Various designs can be wrought upon the back of the paper in dead-black or gold, and as the different parts of the paper are thus given different powers of absorbing heat, the designs appear in red and black on the front when the paper is warmed. Or, if a piece of the warmed paper is cooled by placing the hand upon it, a silhouette of the hand is produced. When the paper is allowed to cool, the silhouette vanishes, but it appears again when the paper is re-heated. The paper has thus a kind of thermal memory.

R. A. GREGORY.

Continental and American Notes.

Growth of Large Cities.

An Austrian statistician, Herr Stephan Sedlacek, has collected some most interesting figures illustrating the extraordinary growth of large towns since the beginning of the century. Dealing with places which have now a population exceeding 300,000, he points out that five cities have doubled their population within this period of time—viz. Amsterdam, Birmingham, Brussels, Manchester, and Rome. Copenhagen and Marseilles have trebled, and London, Lyons, Paris, Petersburg, and Prague have quadrupled their population. Five towns have increased five-fold—namely, Breslau, Dresden, Hamburg, Cologne, and Vienna. Three are now six times as populous as they were a hundred years ago—Leeds, Liverpool, and Warsaw. Seven times more populous are Glasgow and Sheffield; eight times, Munich; nine times, Berlin, Budapest, and Leipzig; ten times, Baltimore. But it is to America we must go for really startling figures. Both New York and Philadelphia have increased twenty-five-fold; Chicago is 245 times more populous than in 1800, and Brooklyn 339 times.

The Population of Russia.

The Russian Government have taken a census of the huge empire of the Tsars, and certify that the population has now reached the enormous total of 129,211,113. Twenty years ago it was only a trifle over one hundred millions. European Russia contains 94,188,750; Poland, 9,442,590; the Caucasian provinces, 9,723,553; Siberia and Saghalin, 5,731,732; the Steppe districts of Central Asia, 3,415,174; Turkestan and Transcaspia, 4,175,101; Russian subjects in China and Bokhara, 6,412; and Finland, 2,527,801. Twenty years ago there were only ten towns in the Empire with a population exceeding one hundred thousand; these now number twenty-three. St. Petersburg has risen to 1,267,023; Moscow to 988,610; Warsaw to 614,752; and Odessa to 404,651. The name of a new town, Lodz, is probably unknown to most Englishmen. Twenty years ago it was a village with three or four thousand inhabitants. It has now a busy industrial population of 314,780.

Gigantic See-saw.

Since the Eiffel Tower of the Paris Exposition of 1889, it has been the aim of the managers of all the great exhibitions to set up some gigantic engineering novelty in connection with each. At the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893 there was the famous Ferris Wheel. At the exhibition at Nashville to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the admission of the State of Tennessee into the Union there is a giant see-saw, by means of which cars laden with people are lifted to a height of 225 feet. The see-saw was designed by a Nashville engineer, and it stands in that part of the grounds known as Vanity Fair. The framework is of steel;

the foundation is on a terrace 25 feet high. The main support is a tower 100 feet high, across which is swung a rectangular steel beam 200 feet long. At each end is a car in which 40 people can be accommodated. The machinery for working the see-saw is placed at the top of the tower. Electricity is the motive power. At the base of the tower there is a



band stand, and one of the sensations of the ascent is to hear the gradual dying away of the music as the car mounts upward. From the car when it has reached its topmost point, which is 20 feet or so higher than the Monument in London, there is a view of the battlefields in the neighbourhood of the city of Nashville, where there was much hard fighting in the early part of the War of the Rebellion.

More Luxuries of Travel—Nursery Cars.

The style of the carriages and the make-up of an American passenger train afford railway managers a great opportunity for making new departures and adding to the ease and comfort of travel. Dining cars are now a very old institution on American trains. Sleeping cars are older still. For four or five years past, on the fast trains of the trunk lines between New York and Chicago, there have been barber shops and baths, as well as cars fitted up with desks for typewriters, to enable business men to keep level with their correspondence while travelling. The latest innovation is in a domestic direction. It has taken the form of nursery

cars, which are now regularly attached to some of the long-distance trains leaving and arriving at New York. The sides of the cars are padded, and the floors laid deep with carpet to save children from knocks and bruises, if they happen to fall. There are cots for children to sleep in; toys and books to amuse them when awake; supplies of milk and food for their meals; and a nurse or a matron to help the mothers or family nurses to attend to the little people when they are on their travels. New departures in American railway travel follow each other with great rapidity, because competition for passenger travel is so intensely keen. When, however, it is remembered how long the distances are in America, and what a never-resting, locomotive people Americans are, the wonder is that the nursery car came at so long an interval after the sleeping car and the dining car. More than ever will this new addition to the fast trains make American trains self-contained. They now carry everything with them, typewriters, barbers, telegraphists, mail-sorters, the porters who handle the baggage, as well as the news boys who serve passengers with newspapers and books, and seek to supply them with hundreds of useless or worse than useless articles which passengers do not want. Behind the times as an English train must appear to an American traveller in England, the English train, nevertheless, possesses one obvious advantage much appreciated by English people who have travelled in both countries. It leaves the newsboy where he ought to be left, at the station, and does not permit of the tyranny he has come to exercise over the patience and good temper of the railway traveller in the United States.

The Largest
Steamer
Afloat.

Until a little while ago the largest passenger steamers afloat were the *Lucania* and *Campania* of the Cunard Line. These vessels, however, have lost that pre-eminence with the launching of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* from the yard of the Vulcan Steamship Company at Stettin. The new steamer, which is for the Atlantic service of the North German Lloyd Company, is 28 feet longer than either the *Lucania* or her sister ship, and is only 43 feet shorter than the late *Great Eastern*. The *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* measures 648 feet over all; the *Lucania* and the *Campania* 628 feet; while the *Great Eastern*, which was broken up at Birkenhead a few years ago, was 691 feet. The beam of the new steamer is 66 feet, and she is 43 feet deep, with a displacement of 20,000 tons. There are no fewer than 68 engines in the new German steamer. She has cabin accommodation for 350 first-class passengers. Nearly every new large steamer embodies some new departure, large or small, in steamship architecture and economy. The feature of the Stettin-built Atlantic liner is the number of single-berthed cabins with which she has been fitted. Hitherto there have been no single-berthed cabins on the Atlantic liners. Two in a room has been the minimum; and in many of the older steamers there are rooms, even in the first class, in which seven or eight passengers are berthed. If the single-berth

rooms are not too high priced, the innovation in the construction of the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* will be welcome to transatlantic passengers travelling alone, particularly to those who are about to make an ocean voyage for the first time.

The New
American
Cabinet.

President McKinley after election sent to the Senate for confirmation, according to law, the names of the gentlemen he had chosen for his Cabinet. He is himself the youngest member of his official family, being fifty-three years old. Mr. Sherman is seventy-four, Mr. Gage sixty-one, Mr. Alger sixty-one, Mr. Long fifty-nine, Mr. McKenna fifty-four, Mr. Bliss sixty, Mr. Gary sixty-three, and Mr. Wilson sixty-two. Mr. Sherman has been in public life for many years. In 1855 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and in 1866 began his career as senator, serving until 1877, when he became Secretary of the Treasury in President Hayes's Cabinet, and at the close of his term re-entered the Senate, where he served continuously until he became President McKinley's Secretary of State. Mr. Gage is not a politician, but a man of affairs. He was born in New York State; received his education in Rome Academy; became a bank clerk at a very small salary; went to Chicago in 1858; and has risen step by step from the position of bookkeeper to that of bank president. Mr. Alger was born in Ohio; became a lawyer; went to the war as Captain in a Michigan cavalry regiment; was mustered out as brevet Major-General; went into the timber business; was Governor of Michigan in 1884. Mr. Long was born in Maine; graduated from Harvard University in 1857; was admitted to the bar; was sent to the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1875 and chosen Speaker, serving in that capacity for three years; was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1878, and for the following three years was Governor; then served three terms in Congress. Mr. Gary was born in Connecticut; educated at Alleghany College, the same institution that President McKinley attended for a brief period; took charge of his father's cotton mills in Maryland in 1863; has been identified with Maryland politics for some years, but has held no public office. Mr. McKenna is a native of Pennsylvania; studied law in California; was elected district attorney; went to the State Legislature in 1875; served three terms in Congress; and was appointed United States circuit judge in 1892. Mr. Bliss was born in Massachusetts; began his business career in his father's commission house in New Orleans; became a resident of New York in 1867; and has been for many years one of the most prominent wholesale dry goods merchants and bankers of the city. Though serving his political party in various important capacities, he has never before held public office. Mr. Wilson is a native of Scotland; went to America in 1851; became a farmer; served in the Iowa Legislature from 1867 to 1873, and was Speaker for two sessions; was a member of Congress for two terms; is a regent of the State University, director in the Agricultural Experiment Station of Iowa, and a professor in the State Agricultural College.

Varieties.

"A Corner in my Studio." The picture which forms the frontispiece to this part of the "Leisure Hour" is from one of the most charming of Mr Tadema's works. The original was painted for, and presented to, the late Lord Leighton, P.R.A., by the artist. The picture, though of only small cabinet size, fetched (at Christie's), at the sale of Lord Leighton's collection, shortly after his death, the large sum of £1,500.

Clara Barton. The name of this American lady seems destined to become famous in the annals of Christian philanthropy, like those of Elizabeth Fry and Florence Nightingale. However well she may have been known in her own country, it is only since the publication of the book on "Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities," by the Rev. Edwin Bliss of Beyrout, that the good lady's worth and work have been proclaimed to the world. After giving authenticated details of the terrible massacres in the Turkish empire, and the attacks upon the American missionaries, with the destruction of many of their stations and schools, Mr. Bliss recorded what had been done with the relief fund on behalf of the Armenians. At first the missionaries were able to distribute some of the money, but the Turkish Government feared that the extent of the massacres might thus become known, and this agency for helping the survivors was stopped. The Red Cross Society was then appealed to, that its benefits, not merely in war, but in famine and woe of every kind, might be exercised. At first it was denied that any help was needed; that the stories of suffering were grossly exaggerated; and that if any aid was required it could be dispensed through Turkish officials, or through a similar organisation in their own empire, called the Red Crescent. To all this system of excuse and opposition the American Minister in Constantinople, Mr. Terrel, with orders from his Government, gave emphatic resistance; and, as there could be no suspicion of political motives in American action, Minister Terrel insisted on the relief work being at once begun. Clara Barton, notwithstanding her advanced years, volunteered to take charge of the distribution of the money sent by Americans. From Constantinople messengers of mercy took relief to the sufferers in every part of the empire.

Benjamin Jowett and Samuel Johnson. The Master of Balliol went to deliver two lectures at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on Boswell's "Life of Johnson." This was the book dear to him almost above all others. He was an admirer of Johnson's sound sense, his brilliant powers of conversation, his knowledge of the world, his manliness and resolute struggles against depression. He was never weary of quoting him, and applied his words with the greatest ingenuity to the most varied circumstances. "The Life and Character of Johnson" was a subject he frequently set for the weekly essay in College. Boswell he believed to be the best of

biographers. Let anyone who does not think so make this experiment. Let him describe the most interesting dinner-party at which he was ever present. Then let him compare the result with Boswell's account of the famous dinner at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller in the Poultry, when Johnson was first introduced to Wilkes, and he will begin to understand the nature of Boswell's genius. In our days there are few who read "Rasselas," and few who do not think it a book belonging to a bygone age. Jowett agreed with Boswell in thinking "Rasselas" a work of earnest genius and of highest art, and a book worthy of being read once a year—a book close to life, and full of thoughts always passing through our minds. It is the best modern commentary on the Book of Ecclesiastes. No wonder that Dr. Birkbeck Hill dedicated his splendid edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson" "To Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol, an acute and knowing critic, and, above all, a *Vir Johnsonianissimus*."

Isaac Sharp : Traveller and Evangelist. At the age of ninety-one there lately passed away a very notable man, Isaac Sharp, the well-known traveller and missionary. Born at Brighton in 1806, of an old Quaker family, he spent a large part of his early business life in developing the Pease estates at Middlesbrough, where, as at Darlington, the Peases had acquired great wealth and social distinction. But in later years Isaac Sharp, some of whose younger relatives had established themselves as educationalists, chiefly for the children of Friends, devoted his whole time to "ministerial work" at home and abroad, according to the usages of the Society of Friends. His first undertaking was to visit remote stations and settlements in the regions of the north, especially where there might be deficiency of regular teaching and ministry from any Christian church. Passing from the Orkneys and Shetlands to the Faroe Islands, he visited the wildest regions of Norway, and touched at many points of Labrador, Greenland, and Iceland. It was through his earnest appeals that the Religious Tract Society gave an Icelandic version of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which has had a large circulation in the island, and still more among the numerous Icelanders who have emigrated to America.

In 1877 Isaac Sharp resolved to visit the Southern Hemisphere, a visit which extended over several years. Nominally he was appointed to visit the Quaker communities of the southern world, the funds for the journey being given by Friends, but the evangelist was warmly welcomed by every Christian community where he travelled.

In 1891, being then eighty-five years of age, he again went forth and visited Turkey, Asia Minor, India, China (penetrating 1,500 miles up the Yang-tse-Kang), and returning home by North America after crossing the Pacific in 1894. He was not gifted with linguistic powers, and had always to speak to foreigners through an interpreter, but so animated and earnest was

he, and so full of tender, kindly sympathy, that his words delighted every audience. Up to the end his mind was active and his tongue eloquent. Only last year, in 1896, in the Committee Room of the Religious Tract Society he spent an hour with the Rev. Dr. White, telling anecdote after anecdote about his travels and adventures in South Africa and Madagascar, among other places. Whether he has left any written journal or memoranda we do not know, but we have often wished to put on record some of the wonderful narratives which the good man poured out with artless profusion and boundless love.

The name of William Allen, the well-known Quaker-chemist, scientist, and philanthropist, has been mentioned lately in connection with Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent. It was owing to William Allen and Alderman Wood, father of Lord Hatherly, paying off the more immediately pressing debts of the Duke of Kent, that he was enabled to return to England, followed soon after by the Duchess of Kent, and that the Princess Victoria was born at Kensington Palace—"Briton-born," as George III had been. The Duke of Kent, remembering the kindness of William Allen, nominated him as executor of his will. In the obituary notice of William Allen in the Report of the Royal Institution, of which he was a director and a lecturer, it is told how he had been an intimate friend of the Czar Alexander I, who offered him the position of Apothecary-General to the Russian army. From his peace principles as a member of the Society of Friends, this offer was declined, though the emolument was estimated at £10,000 a year. Let the name of William Allen be remembered with honour in this year of celebration of Queen Victoria's reign.

The sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 3 h. 49 m. in the morning, and sets at 8 h. 18 m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 4 h. 2 m. and sets at 8 h. 9 m. The moon

enters her first quarter at 1 h. 32 m. on the afternoon of the 7th; becomes full at 4 h. 52 m. on the morning of the 14th; enters her last quarter at 3 h. 8 m. on the afternoon of the 21st; and becomes New at 3 h. 58 m. on that of the 29th. She is in perigee, or nearest the earth, about 6 o'clock on the evening of the 11th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd. An annular eclipse of the sun will take place on the 29th, but it will not be visible in any part of Europe. The central line will pass through Central America and over part of the West Indian Islands (including Cuba and some of the Leeward Islands), and then cross the Atlantic Ocean in a south-easterly direction, just touching Natal in Eastern Brazil; a partial eclipse will be visible in North America (except the extreme north) and South America (except the extreme south) and part of the coast of West Africa. The moon will occult a portion of the Pleiades soon after midnight on the 23rd. The planet Mercury will be in superior conjunction with the sun on the 15th, and will not be visible during this month. Venus will be at greatest western elongation from the sun about midnight on the 7th, and will be visible as a morning star throughout the month, moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Taurus, and passing very near the bright star Aldebaran (a little to the north of it) on the 16th. Mars has become a faint object, but will be visible in the evening in the western part of the sky, until nearly the end of this month, after which he will cease to be so; he is moving in an easterly direction through the constellation Leo, and passes very near its brightest star Regulus on the 4th. Jupiter is still a brilliant object low in the west for some little time after sunset, but will cease to be visible before the end of the month; he will be in conjunction with the crescent moon on the evening of the 4th, and very near Mars on the 25th (a close conjunction taking place in the afternoon). Saturn is nearly stationary this month in the western part of Scorpio, and now due south soon after sunset.—W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

THIRD OF FOUR.

Give Act and Scene of each quotation: the initial letters of the speakers' names form the whole word.

1. "Give me assurance with some friendly vow
That I may never have you in suspect."
2. "As gentle and as jocund as to jest
Go I to fight; Truth has a quiet breast."
3. "To be a makepeace shall become my age."
4. "Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French
word;
We English warriors know not what it means."
5. "I will kiss thy royal finger and take leave."
6. "Good joy, my lord and lady!"
7. . . . "There is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear?"

The whole is alluded to in these lines:

"For then *this* land was famously enriched
With politic grave counsel. . . ."

ESSAY COMPETITION.

A Book prize will be awarded for the best essay on "Taking a Holiday" (limited to 500 words).

BOUT RIMÉ COMPETITION.

A Book prize will be awarded for the best poem of exactly twelve lines ending in the following words: Down, Blue, Brown, You, Together, Heather, Seven, Heaven, Hour, Flower, Time, Rhyme. These rhymes may be arranged in any order, and any metre may be used.

ANSWERS FOR MAY.

ANAGRAM-MAKING COMPETITION.

A number of anagrams of the seventeen letters of "The Diamond Jubilee" have been received, one ingenious contributor sending no less than forty-five. We give the following, as being the best:

"A blithe mid-June ode."

CAROLINE HARRISON, Woodville Ilkle.

"O blithe June Diadem!"

"I made June behold it."

S. B. PEARCE, Green Hill, Derby.

A SECOND EVENING WITH CHARLES DICKENS (see page 475).

1. (a) Mr. Pecksniff.—"Martin Chuzzlewit," chap. 30.
(b) Miss Trotwood.—"David Copperfield," chap. 15.
(c) Susan Nipper.—"Dombey and Son," chap. 18.
(d) Miss Miggs.—"Barnaby Rudge," chap. 70.
2. "Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, nineteen nineteen six; result, happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds; annual expenditure, twenty pounds ought and six; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the God of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and, in short, you are for ever floored."—"David Copperfield," chap. 12.
3. Mary Graham.—"Martin Chuzzlewit," chap. 14.
4. Oliver Twist had "asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary."—"Oliver Twist," chap. 2.
5. At the interview between Mr. Winkle and Arabella in the garden, Mr. Pickwick carried a dark lantern, which, owing to his mismanagement, flashed light in various unexpected directions. The scientific gentleman, seated in his library, was gazing abstractedly on the thick darkness outside, when he observed a most brilliant light glide through the air, at a short distance above the ground, and almost instantaneously vanish. This phenomenon was repeated several times, and the scientific gentleman came to the conclusion that it was some hitherto undiscovered marvel of nature, and committed to paper sundry notes of these unparalleled appearances.—"Pickwick Papers," chap. 39.
6. Captain Cuttle.—"Dombey and Son," chap. 39.
7. Clara Peggotty.—"David Copperfield."
Ruth Pinch.—"Martin Chuzzlewit."
Mrs. Boffin.—"Our Mutual Friend."
Lizzie Hexam.—"Our Mutual Friend."
Ada Clare.—"Bleak House."
Mrs. Bagnet.—"Bleak House."
Miss La Creevy.—"Nicholas Nickleby."
Miss Pross.—"Tale of Two Cities."
Mrs. Plornish.—"Little Dorrit."
Mrs. Meagles.—"Little Dorrit."
8. "The source of his pleasure was the goodness which was tortured by condemning, or mistrusting, or secretly accusing anyone."—Mr. Jarndyce, "Bleak House," chap. 6.

The best set of answers came from L. Short. A. Coath takes the second place.

AN EVENING WITH JANE AUSTEN (page 407).

ANSWERS (summarised).

1. Pride, Mr. Darcy; Prejudice, Elizabeth Bennet; Sense, Elinor; and Sensibility, Marianne Dashwood.
2. "Nothing can be more simple, there is to be no form or parade—a sort of gipsy party. We are to walk about your gardens, and gather the strawberries ourselves and sit under trees; and whatever else you may like to provide, it is to be all out of doors."—"Emma," chap. 42.
3. Mr. Elton. He "looked as little wise, and was as much affectedly, and as little really, at ease as he could be."—"Emma," chap. 32.
4. Emma Woodhouse.—"Emma," chap. 10.
Mr. Woodhouse.—"Emma," chap. 32.
Sir Walter Elliot.—"Persuasion," chap. 17.
5. Mrs. Musgrove called the domestic hurricane of her children's Christmas party "A little quiet cheerfulness," and

Lady Russell enjoyed entering Bath on a wet afternoon, driving through the noisy streets, for she felt these noises belonged to her winter's pleasures, and "after being so long in the country nothing could be so good for her as a little quiet cheerfulness."—"Persuasion," chap. 14.

6. "A strong mind, with sweetness of manner."—"Persuasion," chap. 7.

7. Jane Fairfax's intention of becoming a governess calls forth the following strong opinions: "She had resolved at one-and-twenty to complete the sacrifice, and retire from all the pleasures of life, of rational intercourse, equal society, peace and hope, to penance and mortification for ever."—"Emma," chap. 20. "I was not thinking of slave trade; governess trade, I assure you, was all that I had in view; widely different, certainly, as to the guilt of those who carry it on; but as to the greater misery of the victims, I do not know where it lies."—"Emma," chap. 35.

8. (a) Mrs. Jennings.—"Sense and Sensibility," chap. 7.

(b) Mrs. Croft.—"Persuasion," chap. 6.

9. Mrs. Norris is described, and her conduct on the night of the ball at Mansfield Park.—"Mansfield Park," chaps. 1 and 28.

10. (a) Mrs. Norris; (b) Mr. Rushworth; and (c) Sir Thomas Bertram.—"Mansfield Park," chaps. 26, 15, and 25.

11. Going to open the door.—"Mansfield Park," chap. 40.

12. Sentences from the two prize essays. "We place 'Emma' first, for although it has not so much humour as 'Pride and Prejudice,' it is the completest work of art in its absolute simplicity. Every sentence is natural, every character stands apart in unmistakable individuality. 'Pride and Prejudice' is by far the most powerful of her books. Mr. Bennet shows to the full her dry sarcastic humour, scourging with laughable unexpectedness."—A. W.

"The chief characteristic is the care with which the picture of each character is drawn, by minute touches, in the working out of the tale. Another feature is the absence of any striking plot; her tales refer to ordinary everyday life, and the interest is kept up, not by the incidents themselves, but by the way in which they are treated. A minor characteristic is the important part played by conversation, to the almost entire exclusion of descriptions and narrations of fact. All the heroines possess a particular interest. They are as a rule accomplished and intellectual without being pedantic."—J. M. H.

Other good essays remark on the author's having "exactly photographed what was thought and said by well-bred people in the beginning of this century"; on "the entire absence of tragedy or of the serious side of life; and yet nobody can deny that Miss Austen's characters are real men and women." Opinions are so divided, and each so strongly held, as to which are the favourite characters in these charming books, that it is impossible to quote the inimitable selections given in support of their respective choices by many able competitors. All seem to have found peculiar pleasure in spending an evening with Jane Austen.

The missing words for the Shakespearian Acrostic given in June are as follows:

1. *Vine and Read* . . . "King Henry VIII.," Act Five, Scene Four.
2. *Islanders and England* . . . "King John," Act Two, Scene One.
3. *Courage and George* . . . "King Richard III.," Act Five, Scene Three.
4. *Throne and Isle* . . . "King Richard II.," Act Two, Scene One.
5. *Once and Nothing* . . . "King Henry V.," Act Three, Scene One.
6. *Royal and Already* . . . "Coriolanus," Act Four, Scene Three.
7. *Itself* "King John," Act Five, Scene Four.
8. *Are* "Macbeth," Act One, Scene Four.

WHOLE.—Victoria Regina.

DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGE.—"King Henry V.," Act Five, Scene Four.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class in one year, but may be commended.

II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible, even when stamps are sent.

III. Every paper sent in, whether for prize or other competition, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 20th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Competitions" written outside the envelope. No coupons are required. Answers appear here, and the full prize list will be found among the advertisements.

